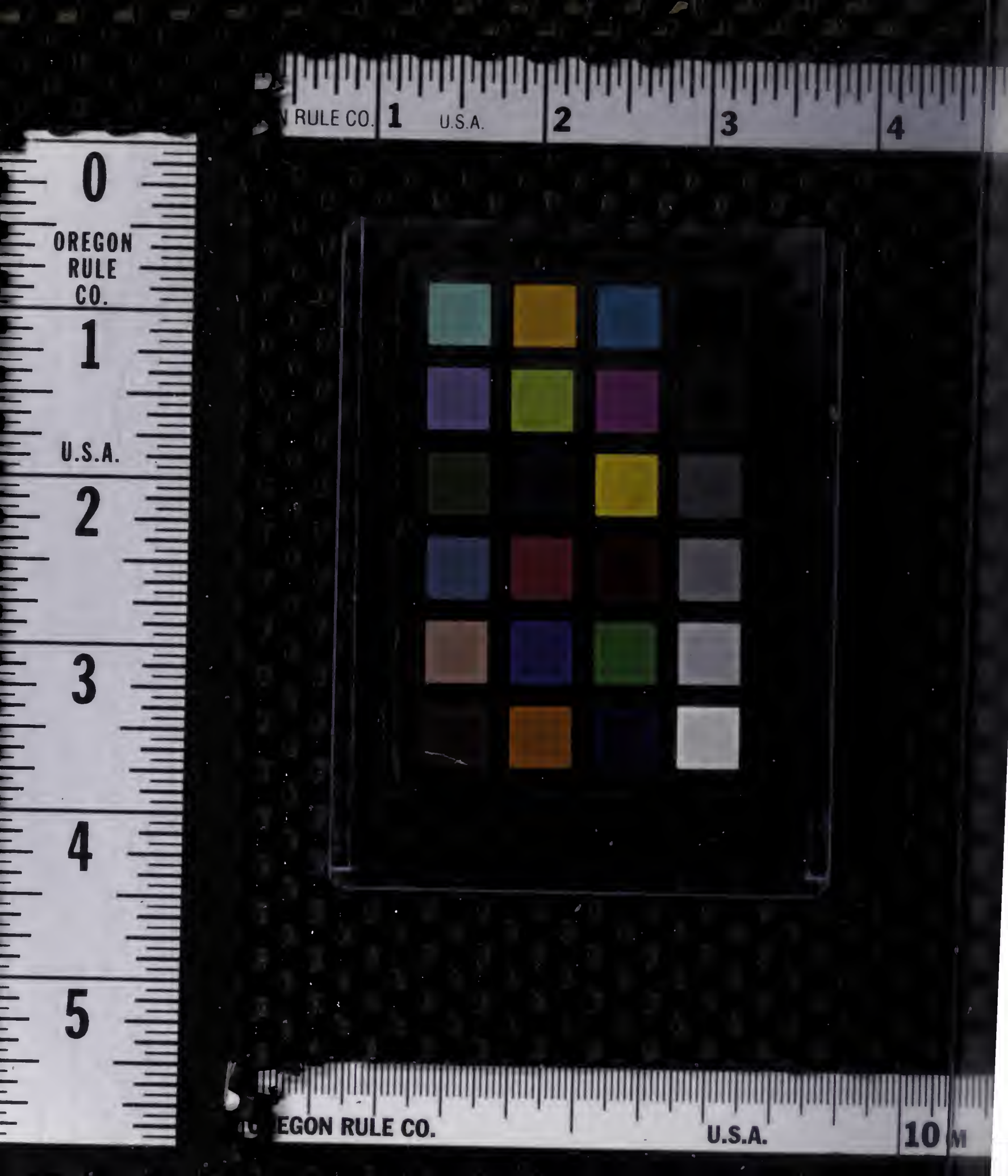
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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

Sixteenth Annual Reunion.

Portland, Oregon,

JUNE 15TH,

1888.

HIMES PRINTER, PORTLAND, OR.

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STEPHEN G. SKIDMORE

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR 1888,

Containing the

Annual Address by Rev. Thomas Condon,

AND

The Occasional Address by Hon. E. L. Applegate,

WITH

Biographical Sketches and Other Matters of Interest.

PORTLAND, OREGON
PRESS OF HIMES THE PRINTER, 169–171 SECOND ST.
1889

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Thursday, June 16, 1887.

A meeting of the Board of Directors was held at nine o'clock at the office of George H. Himes, Secretary.

The following were present:

M. Wilkins, President;

J. W. Grimm, Vice President;

John M. Bacon, Treasurer;

F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and Clark Hay, Directors.

Business connected with the affairs of the past year was transacted as follows:

The bound volumes of Transactions from 1873 to 1886, inclusive, were exhibited by the Secretary. After discussion, the sum of $5.00 per copy was fixed as the price at which these volumes should be sold.

It was voted that fifty cents be charged for each copy of the Annual Transactions, and that no one but those contributing articles should be entitled to them without cost.

The Secretary stated that he had given *The Oregonian* newspaper a copy without charge.

On motion of J. M. Bacon, the Secretary's action was approved.

On motion of Joseph Watt, the Secretary was authorized to present a bound volume of the Transactions to Hon. Willard H. Rees, of Butteville, Oregon.

On motion, warrants were drawn on the Treasurer for the following amounts:

In favor of E. M. Waite, for printing Transactions, 1885, $92.50.

J. M. Bacon, M. Wilkins, Joseph Watt, F. X. Matthieu, and George H. Himes, $10.00 each—total, $50—for expenses in attending the meeting of the Board of Directors at Salem, Oregon, in January last.

Horace S. Lyman, $75.00, for furnishing biographical sketches of Dr. McLoughlin, John H. Couch, and making general and alphabetical index for bound volumes of Transactions.

George H. Himes, $224.40 for printing Transactions for 1886, and other miscellaneous work; also $140 for binding bound volumes and printing index to same; also $52.50 for procuring engravings of Dr. McLoughlin for inserting in the Transactions for 1886.

No further business appearing pertaining to the affairs of the Association for the past year, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Tuesday, December 20, 1887.

Pursuant to a call by President M. Wilkins, of Lane county, the new Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the bank parlors of Messrs Ladd & Tilton to-day at 11 A. M.

There were present—

M. Wilkins, President;
W. S. Ladd, Vice-President;
George H. Himes, Secretary;
Jos. Watt and Medorem Crawford of Yamhill county, and W. H. Odell of Marion county, Directors;

Making a full board with exception of John M. Bacon, Treasurer, of Clackamas county, who was unavoidably detained by pressure of business incident to the holidays.

Mr. Frank Dekum and Gen. William Kapus were present by invitation.

After discussion, Portland was chosen as the place for the next Annual Reunion, which will take place Friday, June 15, 1888.

Rev. Thomas Condon of Eugene City, Lane county, was appointed to deliver the Annual Address; Hon. Elisha L.

Applegate of Ashland, Jackson county, the Occasional Address, and Rev. Wm. Roberts of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon, Chaplain.

The Secretary was instructed to correspond with these gentlemen and ascertain whether they would consent to fulfill the duties requested of them.

Gen. William Kapus, Mr. Frank Dekum and Col. John McCraken were appointed an Executive Committee, with power to make all needed arrangements.

It was voted that a bound volume of the Transactions of the Association should be sent by the Secretary to the speakers selected as soon as they should signify their acceptance of the duties they were chosen to perform.

From the encouragement received from the citizens of Portland it is believed that the Reunion for 1888 will be even a greater success than that for 1887.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Wednesday, May 23, 1888,

The Executive Committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association December, 20, 1887, to arrange for the Sixteenth Annual Reunion, met at 9 A. M. to-day in the parlors of the Commercial National Bank, Mr. Frank Dekum, presiding.

After discussing plans of action at some length, Mr. Henry Failing was appointed a Committee on Finance, with the authority to choose such assistants as he saw proper.

Mr. D. P. Thompson was given the duty of arranging for reduced rates for persons attending the Reunion, over the various transportation lines centering here.

Mr. Charles W. Knowles was appointed a committee on music, Gen. Wm. Kapus on public exercises and providing carriages, and Mr. Frank Dekum on invitations.

Hon. Geo. H. Durham was chosen Marshal of the Day, with the authority to select his own aides.

An invitation was extended to the Indian War Veterans and the Native Sons of Oregon to join in the exercises of the day.

It was decided that the rendezvous prior to forming the procession should be at the court-house. It is expected that the addresses will be delivered at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

Rev. Thomas Condon, of Eugene City, has consented to deliver the Annual Address, and Gen. E. L. Applegate the Occasional Address, and Rev. Wm. Roberts, of Dayton, will act as Chaplain.

In the evening a grand ball will be given. All details of the Reunion, line of march, management of the ball, etc., will be completed and made public at the next meeting of the Committee.

Public notice was given through the daily press of the Committee's earnest desire that every pioneer and his wife and their mature sons and daughters should consider Friday, June 15, a "previous engagement," and make a note of it at once, so that it will not be forgotten.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Tuesday, May 29, 1888.

The Committee met in the Commercial Bank parlor, with Mr. Frank Dekum in the chair.

Messrs. W. L. Boise, R. L. Durham and Edward Dekum were appointed a Committee on all matters pertaining to the Ball.

After discussion, it was decided that the line of march should be as follows:

Start from the Court House, go to Third, down Third to Oak, down Oak to First, up First to Market, up Market to Third, down Third to west entrance of Pavilion.

Mr. Frank Dekum was appointed a Committee on Decorations.

A Ladies' Reception Committee was appointed, consisting of the following:

Benton County—

Mrs. B. W. Wilson,
Mrs. John Burnett,
Mrs. G. B. Smith.

Clackamas County—

Mrs. John Meldrum,
Mrs. J. T. Apperson,
Mrs. J. M. Bacon,
Mrs. W. W. Buck.

Clatsop County—

Mrs. George Flavel,
Mrs. A. C. Kinney,
Mrs. W. W. Parker.

Lane County—

Mrs. M. Wilkins,
Mrs. John H. McClung,
Mrs. H. J. Pengra.

Linn County—

Mrs. Thomas Monteith,
Mrs. James R. Foster,
Mrs. L. E. Blain.

Marion County—

Mrs. W. H. Odell,
Mrs. E. M. Waite,
Mrs. Z. F. Moody,
Mrs. George A Edes.

Multnomah County—

Mrs. A. Holbrook,
Mrs. Frank Dekum,
Mrs. A. D. Shelby,
Mrs. Hannah Smith,
Mrs. D. P. Thompson,
Mrs. John McCraken.

Polk County—

Mrs. James W. Nesmith,
Mrs. J. T. Cooper,
Mrs. James Stiles,
Mrs. Thomas J. Riggs.

Wasco County—

Mrs. Joseph G. Wilson,
Mrs. Samuel L. Brooks,
Mrs. R. Mays.

Washington County—

Mrs. Mary R. Walker,
Mrs. W. D. Hare,
Mrs. Henry Buxton.

Yamhill County—

Mrs. John Wortman,
Mrs. A. R. Burbank,
Mrs. Fanny Robison,
Mrs. Joseph Watt,
Mrs. William Buffum.

It was voted to extend invitations to the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association, the Linn County Pioneer Association, and the Pioneer Associations of Eastern and Western Washington; also to any California Pioneers who should happen to be visiting the State.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Friday, June 15, 1888.

For two weeks or more the weather had been far from propitious, and the Committee of Arrangements were considerably in doubt as to the success of their efforts regarding this Annual Reunion; but, as the day approached, the Pioneers gathered from near and far, and gave evidence that in point of members, at any rate, the gathering would be successful.

About the time appointed for the formation of the procession—1 o'clock P. M.—a short, soaking shower descended that settled the wavering resolution of the Grand Marshal, Hon. George H. Durham, as to the expediency of carrying out in detail that portion of the programme pertaining to the street parade.

A short consultation was held by the Grand Marshal, his Aides, the President and Secretary of the Association, and several of the prominent members of the organization, as to the advisability of having a regular parade. In view of the condition of the streets and the threatening state of the weather, it was concluded to proceed, without regard to procession, at once to the Mechanics' Pavilion. This was done, the members of the Association and the large

crowds that had collected meantime in and around the Court House, all took up a regular line of march for the Pavilion. The ladies were provided with carriages and conveyed to the building where the ceremonies were to be held. Soon large numbers were seen pouring from all points of the compass heading for the rendezvous.

The procession was in reality formed, though it did not move as a body for reasons above set forth, and the following are the names of those who were ready to march under banners indicating the year of their arrival:

1839.

Henry Spaulding,
George Wood Ebbert.

1840.

William Abernethy.

1841.

Thomas Mountain.

1842.

F. X. Matthieu.

1843.

Martin Payne,
Henry Hewitt,
Mrs. Almoran Hill,
Peter G. Stewart,
Mrs. S. J. Hill,
William L. Higgins.
H. Hembree,
Almoran Hill,
W. C. Hembree,
John Hobson,
Gen. E. L. Applegate,

1844.

Joseph Watt,
Mrs. James Johnson,
James Johnson.
Mrs. E. A. Bellion,
Mrs. C. Moffett-Cartwright,

1845.

J. S. Risley.
Mrs. E. Perry,
Ellis Walker,
Mrs. W. C. Hembree,
W. Savage,
Isaac Butler,
Mrs. M. E. Carlin,
Mrs. Francis Perry,

Mrs. John Chambers,
Solomon Richards,
John M. Bacon.
G. O. Hosford,
John Butt,

1846.

Carlos W. Shaw,
Mrs. Jessie M. Blakesley,
Mrs. Sarah Smith,
J. L. Collins,
William Elliott,
Sarah Smith,
Mrs. A. B. Stuart,
John Clark.

1847.

Albert Walling, Jr.,
J. Henry Brown,
George L. Woods,
David Bridgefarmer,
Thomas A. McBride,
William Jolly,
M. Wilkins,
William Bonham,
Hugh Cosgrove,
Mrs. E. L. Chapman,
R. V. Short,
David S. Prettyman,
George H. Durham,
J. Q. Young,
L. Taylor,
J. W. Grimm,
Rev. William Roberts,
Joseph Smith,
W. T. Scholl,
L. F. Hall,
George W. Walling,
Marion F. Mulkey.

1848.

Benton Killin,
A. H. Roberts,
Judge John Catlin,
H. K. Hunsaker,
Jacob Conser,
Rev. George H. Atkinson.

1849.

Ira Howell,
A. B. Stuart,
Andrew J. Moses,
Dr. William Caples,
D. E. Pease,
Colburn Barrell.
P. F. Castleman,
John Cain,
Judge Matthew P. Deady,
James O'Meara,
Col. John Adair,

1850.

William Sherlock,
J. H. Gove,
T. Brooks Trevett,
J. M. Gilman,
Isaac Deisy,
I. W. Case,
R. P. Wilmot,
William Grooms,
C. S. Silver,
Samuel A. Clarke,
L. H. Calkins,
Noah Lambert,

William Cane,
Dr. Curtis C. Strong,
C. C. Redman,
R. Weeks,
Al. Zieber,

James P. O. Lownsdale,
N. J. Walker,
James McKay,
Henry Saxton,
F. M. Arnold,
H. W. Corbett,

J. S. Newell,
John Burke,
Mrs. M. Weatherford,
William Galloway,
W. W. Neilson,
T. A. Wood,
F. O. McCown,
Byron P. Cardwell,
John Darkill,
Joseph A. Strowbridge,
Ira F. Powers,
S. B. Raffety,
Z. M. Tibbitts.

J. W. Going,
Thos. N. Strong,
George H. Himes,
James F. Failing,
Dr. Langley Hall,
T. B. Newman,
Alfred Davis,
John Sommerville,
G. W. N. Taylor,
Edward Failing,
D. P. Thompson,
John Conner.

W. B. Doblebower,
J. L. Atkinson,
D. S. Dunbar,
Theodore Wygant,
B. W. Wilson.

1851.

Capt. W. H. Pope,
E. McClure,
George L. Story,
J. L. Sperry,
Henry Failing,
Thomas McF. Patton.

1852.

Joseph Paquet,
J. W. Collins,
Isaac Bell,
W. Bronson,
W. T. Wright,
Van B. DeLashmutt,
J. T. Fouts,
Morris Jones,
Julius C. Moreland,
Thomas Cox,
Robert King,
A. Cisco,

1853.

C. P. Hogue,
Miles Davis,
N. A. Miller,
T. B. Newman,
Norman Darling,
I. V. Mossman,
Dr. C. E. Geiger,
J. G. Wright,
John Epperly,
Frank Dekum,
C. W. Bryant,

1854.

Robert A. Miller, J. A. Freeman,
Frank Story, William Church, Jr.

1855.

P. Maloney.

Ample accommodations were provided at the Pavilion for the crowds. Before two o'clock between eight hundred and one thousand persons were seated in the capacious building, and everything in readiness for the commencement of the exercises.

Among those occupying seats on the platform were—

Judge Matthew P. Deady,

Hon. L. F. Grover,

Hon. D. P. Thompson,

Hon. Henry Failing,

Hon. H. W. Corbett,

Hon. Elwood Evans.

Mayor V. B. DeLashmutt,

James O'Meara,

Rev. I. D. Driver,

Joseph Watt,

Rev. Thomas Condon,

Gen. E. L. Applegate,

President M. Wilkins, and many others.

After a dashing air by the Regimental Band, President Wilkins called the assembly to order.

Rev. William Roberts, the Chaplain of the Day, then

came forward and invoked Divine blessing and guidance.

The band rendered a selection, when President Wilkins, after a few appropriate introductory remarks, presented Rev. Thomas Condon, who delivered the Annual Address. He was followed by Gen. E. L. Applegate, who delivered extempore the Occasional Address, a synopsis of which appears in the pages following. This closed the exercises for the afternoon.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual meeting was held at eight o'clock in the evening at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Joseph Watt, of Yamhill county.

Vice President, W. S. Ladd, of Multnomah county, re-elected.

Secretary, George H. Himes, of Multnomah county, re-elected.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon, of Oregon City, re-elected.

Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Lyman, of Washington county, re-elected.

Directors—F. X. Matthieu, of Marion county, William Elliott, of Clackamas county, and William Savage of Polk county.

The question of amending the Constitution so as to extend the time for the admission of members, having been informally discussed to a considerable extent, in order to bring the matter before the meeting, a motion was made

by Joseph Watt to extend the time for admitting new members from 1854 to 1859. This evoked considerable discussion, and after a vigorous fight, instituted and led by Mr. Frederick V. Holman and sustained by many others, the motion was withdrawn, as was also the one formed to increase the time even to one year. The sentiment of the meeting was clearly against the proposed amendment.

The meeting then adjourned.

At nine o'clock the Grand Ball began, and the music, furnished by the Marine Band, was exceptionally good and gave entire satisfaction.

The Floor Committee was as follows:

Multnomah County—R. L. Durham, Edward Dekum, John Couch Flanders, Thomas N. Strong, H. C. Wortman, W. L. Boise, John C. Lewis.

Benton County—J. H. Bryson.

Clackamas County—E. L. Eastham.

Clatsop County—C. J. Trenchard.

Columbia County—F. A. Moore.

Douglas County—J. C. Fullerton.

Lane County—George S. Washburne.

Linn County—Charles Monteith.

Marion County—I. L. Patterson.

Polk County, J. D. Lee.

Wasco County—J. H. Bird.

Washington County—S. A. Durham.

The Pavilion was well filled, and fully eight hundred people participated in the dancing, among them a large number of old timers. In the Floral Department of the Pavilion, comfortable seats were provided and a great many of the old settlers of both sexes, congregated there and spent several hours in living over the scenes of the early days.

And so closed the Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, pronounced by all to be a grand success, notwithstanding the forbidding appearance of the weather at the beginning of the day.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. THOMAS CONDON, OF EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Historic events find the measure of their importance in the bearing they have on the weal or woes of society. The most prominent of these will always assert their rank among current events by two qualities: one, and choicest, their own power of growth; the other, the kindred power of drawing other events into the wake of the current tendency they give to history.

In the application of these tests to historic events, time becomes an important help to determine values; for great facts must be seen from a distance if we would appreciate either their magnitude or their power to shape an epoch. It is proposed in the address of this occasion to apply these criteria of value to the pioneer settlement of Oregon of forty years ago, as we may now see that event in the light of its rapidly increasing results.

If we look for the initial facts of the great popular movement that resulted in the settlement of Oregon, we shall find them dating a little farther back, and to these let us first give brief attention.

In the summer of 1836, two American missionaries with their wives crossed the plains and reached safely their mission station near Walla Walla. The historic importance of this journey is not due to its early date, for other missionaries had preceded these; nor to its missionary results, for these were obscured by later events, but solely to the fact that it demonstrated the passage of the Rocky mountains practicable to American women.

Since the settlement of Plymouth Rock and of Jamestown the whole tendency of the Caucasian population had been westward. It was this world movement that had for years been arrested at the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains by a popular conviction that these mountains were impassable to wagons. Dr. Whitman's wagon and cart had carried their burden safely to Fort Boise, where they were persuaded to abandon them, but his experience further on led him to a firm belief that the wagons could be carried to the navigable waters of the Columbia. Each year after this saw its small missionary re-enforcement for Oregon, with an encouraging increase of women

till 1843. That year Dr. Whitman volunteered to pilot a wagon train to the Columbia. The spring opened and the Doctor found awaiting him a large immigration. Under his guidance eight hundred men, women and children reached the Columbia in two hundred wagons. This removed the last barrier to a free passage of families to Oregon.

Let us now take a brief look at the environment of this Oregon country of 1836–46.

So many unsettled national questions crowded to the front for adjustment at the close of the war of 1812 that no settlement of the northwest boundary was attempted, but instead, a treaty of joint occupation was reached in 1818, to continue ten years, and this was renewed in 1828, and was in full force at the time of which we write. "It is agreed," says the treaty, "that any country that may be claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays, creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open for ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers."

Pending this treaty of joint occupation, three well-defined lines of state policy on the future of Oregon developed themselves in the United States senate. Eastern senators were without doubt desirous to secure from Great Britain greater liberty for the fishing interests of New England on the banks of Newfoundland—a substantial national benefit, it then seemed, in comparison with which the vague claims of the United States to a worthless strip of the Pacific Coast appeared small. Later on Southern senators took mortal offense at that declaration of Oregon's provisional organic act which forever prohibited slavery from its territory. Western senators, with Mr. Benton at their head, were far better acquainted with the pioneer and their country. Some of these, with Mr. Benton, "hoped to live long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of the Columbia" not only, but a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon.

So much for the American side of the question of Oregon's future. If now we turn to the British side of the question we shall find it almost entirely in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, vigorously sustained by the home government. It manifestly depended on a thoroughly organized preoccupation of the country. An eminent British official, writing of it, says: "Some few years since the company determined on forming settlements on the rich lands situated on the Willamette and other rivers, and providing for their retired servants by alloting them farms, and further aiding them by supplies of cattle, seed, etc."

So successful was this work of preoccupation, that before the American immigration commenced, the Hudson's Bay Company had a network of business posts spread over the whole interior of the country, governed by fifty-five officers, with five hundred and thirteen articled men, eight hundred half-breeds, and all the power that business could bestow upon their relations with the Indian tribes.

With this network of posts covering the whole interior from Hudson's Bay to Puget Sound, with a powerful government sustaining their plans, and a policy looking to the permanent possession of the country, no wonder the Hudson's Bay Company looked upon Oregon as already theirs, and that the home government looked forward to the certainty of being able to cancel any vague claims the American government might found on the Louisiana purchase, or on the explorations of Lewis and Clark that followed; or yet upon the discovery of the Columbia river by Captain Gray—to cancel any or all of these by concessions of American rights in Newfoundland fisheries.

Such was the condition of the Oregon question at the time of this second journey of Dr. Whitman in 1843. The narratives of these journeys, especially the part taken in them by women, awakened throughout the East a deep interest. How deep will be better seen along another line of thought.

Popular unrest is not always a symptom of evil in the condition of society. It has sometimes come to the overflow of a deep, hereditary love of a change overcoming the ordinary prudential considerations of settled society, often impelling to the boldest daring.

The traces of such settled currents, or of more sudden outbreaks, mark the whole course of human record. They are to history what the lavas of extinct volcanoes are to the earth's crust—the traces of former outflows that, for the time, burst the bounds of settled things to overturn and destroy, yet soon to become in turn parts of a better future. Of the greatest of these migrations of the past, two have become especially prominent in importance, chiefly because their movements occurred in the full blaze of historic light; and to a smaller degree because they moved by an apparently hereditary impulse in opposite directions—the Turanian race to the eastward, the Caucasian to the westward. Both races continued these migrations till their lines of movement brought up against the opposing oceans.

The Turanian, in their progress eastward, divided into branches that later became the Tartar, the Mongolian and the Malay, moving on till each reached a real or supposed obstacle to further progress—the Mongolian deploying into line along the Pacific Coast; the Malay into the Malay Archipelago and Southern India. The Tartars were hindered in their eastern

progress by the mountains and deserts of the interior of Asia—were broken and dispersed, destined in a later age to trouble Eastern Europe as Huns and Turks.

Still more important in history have been the migrations of the Caucasian race in their persistently westward course. The teachings of history unite in ascribing to the nations of this stock a common origin in Western Asia. Of the eight branches into which they divided—two remained in Asia, the other six moved westward till their progress was arrested by the surf of the Atlantic ocean.

Three of these were in time deployed into line on the western shores of Europe; the Celt along the coasts of Spain, Gaul and Britain; the Teuton against the western coast of Germany; the Sclave further north and east. The remaining branches, Greek, Latin and Illyrian, checked by the Mediterranean Sea and the Alps;—all checked in their westward movements by what seemed for the time an impassable barrier.

For centuries these peoples accepted this settlement of fate; but the discovery of America lifted this injunction of fate, opened an unlooked-for door for the resumption of the old movement to the West, and

"Westward the star of empire held its way."

Europe to New England and Virginia—New England to New York, New York to Ohio, Ohio to Michigan and Minnesota, in the one line; Virginia to Kentucky and Tennessee, Kentucky and Tennessee to Missouri and Arkansas, till both lines were arrested by exaggerated statements of the difficulties of the Rocky Mountains and of the worthlessness of the country beyond them. These exaggerations had stayed the march of westward settlement and limited it to the eastern slope of the continent.

No marvel, then, that thousands of American women read with a thrill of excited interest the published record of that memorable journey of these two women, who in 1832 became the unconscious pioneers of American women and children across these obstructions of mountains and barren plains, and that in thousands of restless hearts there was kindled a sudden desire to follow them into the lands they so well described.

But deep-rooted popular convictions change slowly, and for seven years following this journey of 1836 parties of Oregon emigrants continued to leave their wagons in the mountains and trusted their all to pack trains for the rest of the journey. This was so serious an obstacle to large popular movements that Dr. Whitman decided to pilot a wagon train himself. He did so in 1843, the immigration in that year numbering eight hundred men, women and chil-

dren, who came in a train of two hundred wagons through to the Columbia river. This swept away the last barrier, and thenceforward the Oregon pioneers found an unbroken wagon track to Oregon. It could not be called a road, but it had a continuous line with a definite outcome. Travel on it must be slow. In some places teams must be unhitched and the wagons slowly lowered over precipitous places too steep for teams to manage. Unfordable streams must be passed in wagon boxes made water-tight for ferryboats. Sentinels must keep watch at night to guard the encampments, for often the march must be through the territories of hostile tribes.

Such a journey over such a region voluntarily chosen would necessarily determine for itself the class of people it drew into the movement.

It drew to itself the rural population, and not the people of the towns, for skill in the management of a team, often an ox team, forced itself as a limiting condition on the earlier pioneer movement.

A migration such as this was, across a desert region over two thousand miles in extent, filled with dangers that called continually for new resources of skill and courage, necessitated organization and applied a severe test to leadership. Out of this ordeal came the organization, the daily drill, and the leadership that in after years made Oregon a self-reliant, law-abiding, thoroughly American commonwealth.

Let us look for a moment at the process in detail by which these things were brought about.

The difficulties and dangers of the journey were no doubt at first exaggerated; but this very exaggeration furnished a sifting process, which was very efficient in turning aside hundreds who lacked enterprise to make the needed preparations for such a journey, or, having made them, lacked the fixedness of purpose to hold them to its accomplishment.

This sifting process once passed, another at once presented itself. The team, the wagon, the supply of provisions, or that of arms and ammunition for defense against enemies—all these must pass inspection; for there were no supplies along the way, no facilities for repairs, no relays of team power to be had in the time of need, and as each company felt morally bound to stand by its members in the day of need, they could not afford to tolerate recklessness in the matter of inadequate outfit.

These preliminary siftings over, and the company ready to move forward, a captain or leader is to be chosen who is to represent the public interest, to which all private will and interest must yield. In no particular of these migrations was the characteristic spirit of the rural portion of America more beautifully exhibited than in the treatment of these captains. Even at

this distance of forty years it does one good to hear the warm words of praise in which our surviving pioneers speak their undying regard for their leadership on the journey. This, of course, when one considers the entire voluntariness of the obedience rendered, only emphasizes the unity of spirit in the whole company. Nor did this spirit of organization cease with the journey that called it into activity. The new homes of these pioneers in Oregon were for many years surrounded by dangers that called for continued vigilance, and often for organized defense. To these connected surroundings was due the fact that the removal to Oregon was not that of a community broken up and then after a long journey reconstructed. It was rather a community transplanted as an organized whole, as you would transplant a tree with every root and fiber in its accustomed place, ready to adopt at once its new environment.

It was this well-organized, thoroughly American commonwealth in the Willamette Valley with which claims of the Hudson's Bay people found themselves confronted when, in 1845, the question of the Northwest boundary must be settled. It was this same loyal people of Oregon the United States government was called on to desert in consideration of increased privileges in Newfoundland fisheries. Of necessity, the commissioners made short work of it. The British government relinquished all claim to the country. Not because convinced that the Louisiana purchase reached to the Pacific Ocean, or that Captain Gray really discovered the Columbia River; nor yet that Lewis and Clark did explore the whole length of the Columbia interior in 1804. Not any of these nor all of them combined, but in their stead, and instead of British claims as well, this one fact that Western Oregon, in this year of grace, 1845, was already in the actual possession of as heroic a band of men and women as ever settled a new territory; and this one fact, appealing alike to both governments through considerations of prime importance—to the British government the difficulty of not knowing what to do with such an already organized commonwealth if won by her diplomacy; to the American government the equally important consideration of the responsibility any administration must meet, that should cast off the claims of such a people, while their kindred in both political parties, from the Kennebec to the Missouri were shouting "54-40 or fight!" It was this that settled the question before those commissioners. They settled a not difficult problem by ceding to the United States the two basins of the Columbia River and Puget Sound.

It is easy enough now to look back over those long weary marches across the plains; those nights of vigilant watchings so continuously impressing the need of individual sacrifice for the public good; those dangerous crossings of swollen rivers in frail wagon-boxes laden with more than life to the hearts of wearied men. And then to think that in this ordeal our Oregon was passing through her heroic period—God's opportunity to stamp with character her

people and their history; it is easy enough now to see in all this the most efficient preparation Providence could bestow to fit a new people for a great destiny.

If the aggressive power of the Oregon migration as a force in history could have suddenly ceased after having secured this treaty settlement of 1845, and through it won to the United States the basins of the Columbia and Puget Sound, the chapter of history to which the event belonged would still remain one of the brightest in American history. But the force it introduced did not cease to grow, nor did it cease to draw other events into the wake of the current tendency it gave to history. It was not left to history to thus limit the power of the last great surge of Caucasian migration westward to the occupation of a mere province along the northern coast. The plans of providence were wider than this.

In March, 1847, Mr. Senator Benton wrote to the Oregon Pioneers:

"The House of Representatives, as early as the middle of January, had passed the bill to give you a territorial government, and in that bill sanctioned and legalized your provisional organic act, one of the clauses of which forever prohibited the existence of slavery in Oregon. An amendment from the Senate's committee to which this bill was referred, proposed to abrogate that prohibition, and in the delays and vexations to which that amendment gave rise, the whole bill was laid on the table and lost for the session. * * * * * But do not be alarmed or desperate. You will not be outlawed for not admitting slavery. * * * * In conclusion, I have to assure you that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years, which led me to denounce the joint occupation treaty the day it was made, and to oppose its renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated: the same spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1828, and to support every measure for her benefit since—this spirit still animates me, and will continue to do so while I live—which I hope will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river, and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon."

The earlier form of the Oregon question was one of territory merely, and the territory very much disparaged at that. But when in 1843 a hardy body of pioneers set up there a provisional government and gave it their hearty allegiance, the Oregon question began to change, and in and out of congress less is heard of the country but more of its people.

The great mass of thoughtful Americans of all parties found themselves increasingly interested in this hardy, well-organized body of people, to whose

keeping Divine Providence was manifestly consigning not a few square miles of doubtful country, but a grand Pacific home for American enterprise.

It was but the consent of diplomacy to the verdict of the American people that secured for these pioneers the first great expansion of territory in 1845, and now we are given a brief glimpse of another crisis in their affairs through these brief extracts from Senator Benton's letter of 1847. This year 1847 proved an eventful one in the history of Oregon. There was on the road this year a large immigration. The Whitman massacre cast its dreadful shadow over every home, and there is in the United States Senate a determined opposition to all efforts to give Oregon the protection of a territorial government. Yet, all this was but the darkness just before the dawn. That very autumn the City of Mexico surrendered to the army of Gen. Scott, and in the settlement of territory that followed, California was ceded to the United States.

With the treaty of Gaudaloupe-Hidalgo the geographical part of our subject has reached its ultimate expansion. In it was completed the last link in a chain of migrations running back over the whole face of authentic history. The opening of our subject was such as to imply a conviction that the pioneer movement to Oregon of forty years ago was a great event in history.

The tests of greatness in historic events, it will be recollected, were stated to be two-fold. The first, the power of the event itself to grow ; the second, its power to draw other events into its current. It is now time to apply these tests to the coming of these bands of pioneers to the Pacific coast.

We are first, then, to examine the event in question for its element of growth.

It was the track of Dr. Whitman's cart that grew into the track of the great wagon train of 1843, and still greater one in 1847. It was this great one of 1847 that grew into the track of the pony of later years ; and it was the varyings of this pony express that developed into the four great trunk railroads of to-day. That is, to state the proposition on its extreme terms, it is the broken cart track over which these two women toiled in 1836 that has grown into a cosmic system of railroads. Surely here is growth worthy of the nineteenth century.

The second test to be applied is the power of gathering other events into the current—it gives an epoch. The pioneer settlement of Oregon forty years ago, through its steady, well-conducted migrations, through its first-class drill along the road and its calm loyalty through years of neglect to the great principles of self government ;—it was these things that predetermined the result of the treaty of 1845 with Great Britain, and thus secured to its own fu-

ture home a grand extension of territory with navigable rivers and capacious harbors.

This treaty extension of 1845 gave American Pacific interests in the field of diplomacy the prominence that secured the cession of California to the United States two years later. These acquisitions carried with them the three great harbors of the coast, thus rapidly preparing the way for an American supremacy facing the Pacific.

That this tendency of things was seen and set to some measure of its worth in business circles, is attested by the fact that the commercial world found need for four trunk lines of Pacific railroads across the continent. How vividly such a statement of the mere facts of to-day recalls Senator Benton's vision of "a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon." The full bearing of all this on the future of American commerce in the world only waits the reinstatement of American shipping in its due place on the American side of both oceans.

Then, indeed, may men see in the early pioneer settlement of Oregon the initial event of a new epoch not only, but one whose growth has carried with it a vast train of minor agencies to swell its triumphs.

May God grant that this auspicious outlook may continue, and carry with it increased respect for the stars and stripes—not for the wealth or the power they represent, but because of the increasing progress of the millions who live under them towards the ultimate hopes of humanity.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY GEN. E. L. APPLEGATE, ASHLAND, OREGON.

General Applegate could not be induced to put his address on paper, and hence it cannot be given in full. The following brief synopsis is taken from the columns of *The Oregonian :*

Gen. Applegate, by way of introduction, said that ordinarily he found difficulty in stopping when once his rhetorical enthusiasm became thoroughly aroused, but on this occasion he proposed to achieve something of a triumph, by limiting himself to half an hour. He spoke extemporaneously, because, he said, Prof. Condon's admirable address so completely covered the historical aspects of pioneer life that, had he prepared a written speech, they might have both discussed the same matters, and that would be too much cultivation of history in one day. Gen. Applegate ingeniously put the audience in a laughing mood and then proceeded to answer a question which President Wilkins suggested in the few remarks made by him previous to the formal proceedings of the Reunion. The question was, "What motive impelled the people to face so many dangers and privations and come to Oregon?"

Gen. Applegate found an answer in the history of the migrations of the Caucasian people from the East to the West, beginning in Asia; thence through Europe to England; thence across the Atlantic to America, and then across the plains to the Pacific Ocean. This disposition was unconquerable until the waves of the same ocean which thousands of years ago kept the people from migrating further eastward finally stopped their further movements westward.

The history of Oregon is yet in an embryotic state. History is tradition verified, and while many of the traditions of the occurrences which led to the acquisition of the province of Louisiana by the United States and the subsequent peopling of that territory by the American people, have become matters of history, there is much which still rests within the shadowy folds of tradition. A part of this traditional history was associated with the pur-

chase of the immense territory then known as the province of Louisiana. When the struggle of the revolution was over it was discovered that a house in the middle of the Mississippi River was on the western line of the possessions of the United States. That is where St. Louis is now located. Here was located the Louisiana and Indian Trading Company, and the American Trading Company. Then these companies sent emissaries on diplomatic missions to Spain in order to secure control of the province of Louisiana for the American people. Napoleon Bonaparte was brought into the scheme, and as soon as that genius was powerful enough to kick overboard the Directory then in control of France, he procured the title of Louisiana for Spain. When he had secured control of it he conceived the idea of constructing a new empire, and he made some show of raising a great army. But those who understood the situation believed that Napoleon never intended to try to establish a new empire in the Louisiana country, but that all the talk about raising an army for that purpose was a scheme to induce the American people to buy it. Jefferson thought that was the proper thing to do, and eventually the purchase was effected.

Gen. Applegate claimed that the scheme which resulted in the great West coming under the control of the United States and the peopling of the West by the Americans, was a Missouri enterprise. Missourians started the ball rolling. Lewis and Clark started from St. Louis on their celebrated exploring expeditions. Senator Benton and others advocated the policy of giving six hundred and forty acres of land to settlers who would emigrate to Oregon. This combination of accredited tradition and verified history indicates how much of the early records of the settlement of the great West is yet in an embryotic state. It is known that California was settled sometime near 1769 by Jesuits from Spain, and that they explored Oregon as far north as the Columbia River long before Captain Gray discovered that river. It was from that the name of Oregon was given to the Pacific Northwest. They saw in the country a resemblance to the Aragon in their native Spain, and they gave that name to this territory. The present name of Oregon is a corruption, although a sonorous and poetical one, of Aragon.

The speaker then referred to what he called the most singular and curious phenomena connected with the human race, namely, the extent to which the imagination of the race has revealed man's destiny in this world, to what extent in poetry and romance was prophesied those things which would ultimately be accomplished by man. He then eloquently referred to the poetry of the Greeks, how the poet sang his words of love to his mistress, that he possessed "powerful genii," by the aid of which he could accomplish most wonderful things—how palaces would be erected on dusty and barren plains; how they might lie down in repose and awaken in distant cities; how they could

place a magic shell to their ears and talk with friends in remote places. These poetical and fanciful dreams have been verified. The people have seen desert places traversed by men with glass-covered instruments, and shortly, as if by magic, the roar of an express train filled the air as it thundered by the sites of palaces, which sprung up along its iron path as if like magic. The people now literally lie down in luxurious repose in steamers and sleeping cars, and the rising sun awakes them in places remote. It is now a matter of daily observation that men place to their ears what is the equivalent of the shell the poetic Greek sang about so romantically to his mistress, and converse with people in distant cities. All these are verifications of the imagination of men. We live in an age of verification.

And finally, in 1845, when the Oregon question was pending for final settlement between the United States and Great Britain, an envoy, or emissary, of the British ministry was sent out to view the situation of affairs in this country. He was soon satisfied. It was thoroughly and hopelessly Americanized. He was much pleased, however, with the character of the settlers, and spent considerable time in conversing with them. Though dressed in leather and the plainest kind of homespun and living in log cabins, they were not the ignorant, uninformed people whom he had expected the western pioneers to be. To the contrary, he found them alive to the great questions of the day and matters of international concern. They could discuss books, history, philosophy, science and literature, and were apt and ready in government, politics and religion. They were perfectly familiar with the principles of legislation; could discuss the legislation of Draco, Solon and Lycurgas; the speculations of Plato, the philosophy of Aristotle and the mysticisms of Pythagoras, or even the grandeur of Homer, the sublimity of Æschylus or the finish of Juvenal.

The Oregon question, therefore, was discussed in the light of the past and in view of the best interests of the future and mankind, and the young nobleman returned home the fast friend of the Oregon pioneers. And no doubt by his statement of facts he exerted as great an influence with the British ministry, and thereby, perhaps, as decisive an effect upon an amicable solution and adjustment of those difficulties, as came from any other source or individual, either in American or England.

Ladies and gentlemen: Such is a brief outline picture of the nature and quality of the facts. By a fair survey of them we are enabled to perceive how, by the enterprise, patriotism, and intelligence of the Oregon pioneer, the American Eagle has been made to exceed the British Lion, and the vast empire of the West saved to the great Republic and the grand cause of civil and religious liberty.

Among our Oregon pioneers are grandfathers and great-grandfathers—venerable men, who have come down to us from a former generation—who have personally followed that star of empire, which "westward took its way," and have steadily pursued its progress from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. From the gulf on the south to the lakes on the north; from the Allegheny Mountains to the far distant West, they have seen State after State arise, like bright planets from a boundless void of darkness, and join, one by one, the grand constellation of liberty. But here to remain forever, that wonderful star of empire—stayed at last on the margin of the great seas. In the great race, down through the ages, of the tribes and nations of the earth, those that held out longest, went farthest, and the best of the elements of all the world, have reached this coast. "The last shall be first," and the lead of the nations of the earth will finally be found upon these shores.

They have seen the world move, and felt the grand throb of nature in its onward and upward motion. They have seen pass before them, like a grand panorama, as it were, a microcosm of the history and experience of mankind. Before them the world has arisen through all its stages, from the primitive, earthy, red man Adam, on up to the present day. They have beheld the wide, unbroken, unfenced prairies, waving with wild grass and fragrant flowers, where the "antlered beauty bounded," and the timid doe led her spotted fawn; where Eve gathered the fruits of nature's primitive garden and stored them for future use among the branches of the wide-speading oaks.

They have heard the coyote's sharp midnight bark, and the big wolf's solemn howl; and have witnessed the fearful and deadly struggles of the wild man in his futile attempt to maintain and perpetuate the dead past. They have seen the frail canoe give place like an insect before the mighty river monsters of the modern world—the Leviathans, "out of whose mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out;" and they have seen the great ships come to this queen city of the Northwest world, and go down by the sounding shores, and proudly sail away among the mists and clouds of the unbounded seas.

And in this grand drama these Oregon pioneers have enacted their part. They have smote the fountain. With the potent and magic wand of power—knowledge, labor, industry—they have powerfully struck the earth, and her rewards in fruits and treasures have bountifully come forth. They have felled forests and built cities. They have waked the wilderness from the dead lethargy of the barbarous ages; laid the foundation and reared the beautiful structure of civilized life.

They have seen the reap-hook give place to the grain-cradle, the cradle to the reaper, and the reaper to the powerful header. They have seen the

flail and the stamping yard superseded by the great steam thresher. They have seen the pestle and the grater appealed to for bread, where the river is now yoked to drive the ponderous mill; and they have beheld the thunderbolt of Jove successfully taken down from the clouds and made to be an obedient servant of man; and in the mysterious telephone they have been enabled to put to their ears the magic shell by which can be heard the voices of people talking in distant cities.

And finally, by the triumphs of science and the arts, by man's successful invocation of the mighty powers and resources of the world around us, the great iron mastodon has been brought forth and snorts and neighs along our valleys and among our hills. And this monster horse has gone on from valley to valley, and from plain to plain, snorting and neighing, until, with 'solid bands of iron, our connection is completed with the rest of the world. So that now, we may appropriately and successfully extend an invitation to every planet of the great American constellation for capital and industry to come and help us unlock the boundless resources of this great country. A country where all the industries may be pursued; the aggregation of the wide world in its possible avocations; a mild and healthful climate, where vitality is great and the joy of life is high; a home for agriculturist and miner; the fisher and manufacturer; the trader, the store-keeper and the merchant; and also, where the life of the patriarch may be successfully pursued with his flocks and herds upon a thousand hills!

THE CAMP FIRES OF THE PIONEERS.

VINCERE EST VIVERE!

BY SAM L. SIMPSON.

Striking at ease his epic lyre,
    The laureled Mantuan has sung
Beleagured Troy's illustrious pyre—
    The daring sail Æneas flung
To wayward gales, the voyage long
That tracks the silver wave of song;
Until the worn and weary oar
Has kissed the far Lavinian shore;
The Argo's classic pennon streams
Along sweet horizons of dreams,—
    The Mayflower has furled her wings,
    And restfully at anchor swings—
Columbia chants to columned seas
The triumph of the Genoese,
And yet, stout hearts, no fitting meed
Of panegyric crowns your deed
    From which a stately empire springs.

The minions of a perfumed age
Already crowd upon the stage,—
The massive manhood of the past
In many a graceful mould is cast;
And yet with calm and kindly eyes
    You view the feast for others spread,
And hail the blue benignant skies
    Resigned and grandly comforted.
It was for this you broke the way
Before the sunset gates of day—

For this, with godlike faith endued,
You scaled the misty crags of fate,
And, with resounding labors, hewed
The Doric pillars of the state.

There is no task for you to do—
Your tents are furled, the bugle blown—
But yet another day, and you
Will live in clustered fame alone.
The fir will chant a song of rue,
The pine will drop a wreath, may be,
And o'er the dim Cascades the stars
Will nightly roll the gleaming cars
You followed well from sea to sea.
Before your scarred battalion's wheel,
Into the mystic realm of shade,
And on your grizzled brows the seal
Of mystery is softly laid.
Once more around your old campfires,
That smoulder like fulfilled desires,
Rehearse the story of your toils—
Display the hero crowned with spoils—
The glimmer of triumphant steel,
Beneath the garland and the braid.

O, further than the legions bore
The eagles of Imperial Rome—
Three thousand miles, a weary march,
You followed Hesper's golden torch,
Until it stooped on this green shore,
And lit the rosy fires of home.
It was a solemn morn you turned
And quenched the sacred flames that burned
On hearths endeared for years and years;
It seemed your very souls grew dark
With those sweet fires—the latest spark
Was drowned in bitter, bitter tears.
A softer, sweeter sunlight wrapt

The forms of all familiar things,
And as each cord of feeling snapt
Another angel furled its wings:
The lights and shadows in the lane,
The oak beside the foot-worn stile
Whose wheeling shades a weary while
Had told the hours of joy and pain—
The vine that clambered o'er the door
And many a purple cluster bore—
The vestal flowers of household love—
The sloping roof that wore the stain
Of summer sun and winter rain,
And smoky chimney tops above—
The beauty of the orchard trees,
Bedecked with blossoms, glad with bees—
The brook that all the livelong day
Had many things to sing and say—
All these upon your vision dwell
And weave the sorrow of farewell.

And now the last good-bye is said—
Good-bye! the living and the dead,
In those sad words together speak,
And all your chosen ways are bleak!
Forward! The cracking lashes send
A thrill of action down the train,—
Their brawny necks the oxen bend
With creaking yoke and clanking chain;
The horsemen gallop down the line,
And swerve around the lowing kine
That straggle loosely on the plain—
And lift glad hands to babes that laugh
And dash the buttercups like chaff.
Hurrah! the skies are jewel blue—
In tasseled green and braided gold
The robes of April are enrolled,
And hopes are high and hearts are true!
Hurrah! hurrah! the bold, the free—

The sudden sweep of ecstacy
That lifts the soul on wings of fire.—
When fears consume and doubts expire,
And life, in one red torrent, leaps
To join the march of boundless deeps!

And now the sun is dropping down
And lights and shadows, red and brown
Are weaving sunset's purple spell:
The teams are freed, the fires are made,
Like scarlet night flow'rs in the shade,
And pleasant groups before, between,
Are thronging in the fitful sheen—
The day is done, and "all is well."

So pass the days, so fall the nights;
A banquet of renewed delights;
The old horizons lift and pass
In magic changes like a dream,
And in the heavens' azure glass
To-morrow's jasper arches gleam—
With many a vale and mountain mass,
And many a singing, shining stream.
The past is dead and daisied now—
Its shadow fades from heart and brow—
The air is incense, and the breeze
Is sweet with siren melodies,
And all the castled hills before
In blooming vistas sweep and soar.
Like silver lace, the clouds are strewn
Along the distant, dreamy zone;
It is a happy, happy time,
As wayward as a poet's rhyme,
And ever as the sun goes down
The west is shut with rosy bars,
And Night puts on her golden crown
And fills the vases of the stars.

* * * * * * *

A hundred nights, a hundred days,
Nor folded cloud nor silken haze
Mellow the sun's midsummer blaze.
Along a brown and barren plain
In silence drags the wasted train;
The dust starts up beneath your tread,
Like angry ashes of the dead,
To blind you with a choking cloud
And wrap you in a yellow shroud.
    There are no birds to sing your joy,
        You have no joy for birds to sing,—
    A hundred fangs your hearts destroy—
        A thousand troubles fret and sting.
The desert mocks you all the while
With that dry shimmer of a smile
    That dazzles on a bleaching skull,—
The bloom is withered on your cheek,
You slowly move and lowly speak,
    And every eye is dim and dull.
Alas, it is a lonesome land
Of bitter sage and barren sand
    Under a bitter, barren sky
That never heard the robin sing,
Nor kissed the lark's exultant wing,
    Nor breathed a rose's fragrant sigh!
A weary land—alas! alas!
The shadows of the vultures pass—
    A spectral sign across your path;
The gaunt, gray wolf, with head askance
Throws back at you a scowling glance
    Of cringing hate and coward wrath.
And like a wraith accursed and banned
Fades out before your lifted hand;
A dim, sad land, forgot, forsworn
By all bright life that may not mourn—
Acrazed with glist'ning ghosts of seas
In broideries of flower and trees,

And rivers, blue and cool, that seem
To ripple as in fevered dream—
Only to taunt the thirst, and fly
From withered lips and lurid eye.

A hundred days, a hundred nights—
    The goal is farther than before,
And all the changing shades and lights
    Are wrought in fancy's woof no more.
The sun is weary overhead,
And pallid deserts round you spread
    A sorrowful eternity;
And if some grisly mountain here
Confront your march with forms of fear,
    You turn aside and pass them by.
And all are overworn—the flesh
Is now a frayed and faded mesh
    That will not mask the inward flame;
There is no longer any care
To round the speech, or speak men fair,
    Or any gentle sense of shame;
The hearts of all are shifted through—
    The grain drops through the windy husks
And false lights flick'ring round the true
    Are quenched at last in dews and dusk.
And some are silent, some are loud
And rage like beasts among the crowd,—
And some are mild, and some are sharp
In word and deed, and snarl and carp,
    And fret the camp with petty broils;
And some of temper, sweet and bland,
Do seem to bear a magic wand
    That wins the secret of their toils—
Rare souls that waste like sandal-wood
In many a fragrant deed and mood;
And some invoke the wrath of God,
Or feign to kiss the burning rod,—

And some, may be, with better prayers,
Stand up in all their griefs and cares
And clinch their teeth, and do and die
Without a whine, a curse or cry.
And so the dust and grit and stain
Of travel wears into the grain;
And so the hearts and souls of men
Were darkly tried and tested then
That, in the happy after years,
When rainbows gild remembered tears,
Should any friend inquire of you
If such or such an one you knew—
I hear the answer, terse and grim,
"Ah, yes; I crossed the plains with him!"

And, lo! a moaning phantom stands,
To greet you in the lonely lands,
    Among all lesser shadows, dight
With spoils of death; his meager hands
Salute you as you pass, and claim
    The sacrifice that feeds his flame.
The march has broken into flight,
And wreck and ruin strew the road
The flaming phantom has bestrode;
    The ox lies gasping in his yoke
        Beside the wagon that he drew—
    Where the forsaken camp-fires smoke
        To hopeless skies of tawny blue;
And here are straight, still mounds that mark
The flight of life's delusive spark—
The somber points of pause that lie
So thick in human destiny.
    And oh, so dark on this bleak page
    Of drifting sand and dreary sage!
        The sultry levels of the day,
    The night with weird enchantment fills,
        And frowning forests stretch away

Along the slopes of shadow hills;
And in the solemn stillness breaks
The wild wolf-music of the plain,
As if a deeper sorrow wakes
The dreary dead in that refrain
That swells and gathers like a wail
Of woe from Pluto's ebon pale,
And sinks in pulseless calm again.

A change at last!—an opal mist
Along the faint horizon's rim
Is banked against the amethyst
Of summer sky—so far, so dim,
You shade your eyes, and gaze and gaze,
Until there wavers into sight
A swinging, swaying strand of white,
And then the sapphire walls and towns
That breaks the light in quiv'ring showers
And float and fade in diamond haze;—
It is the mountains!—grand and calm
As God upon his awful throne;
They build you strength and breathe you balm,
For all their templed might of stone
Is our eternal sculptured psalm!
And now your western course is led
Where grassy pampas spread and spread
The pastures of the buffalo;
And like the sudden lash of foam
When tropic tempest smite the sea
And masts are stript to ward the blow—
A ragged whirl of dust described
Upon the prairie's sloping side
Portends a storm as swift and free,—
And lo, the herds—they come! they come!—
A sweeping thunder cloud of life
Loud as Niagara, and grand
As they who rode with plume and brand

On Waterloo's red slope of strife;
Wild as the rush of tidal waves,
That roar among the crags and caves,
    The trampling besom hurls along—
A black and bounding, fiery mass
That withers, as with flame, the grass—
    O! terrible—ten thousand strong!
Meanwhile, the dusty teams are stopt,
The wagon tongues are deftly dropt,
And drivers by their oxen stand
And soothe them with soft speech and hand.
    And yet, with horns tossed free, and eyes
        Ablaze with purple depths of ire,
        A thousand servile years expire
    And flashes of old nature rise,
As if a sudden spirit woke
That would not brook the chain and yoke,—
And then, the stormy pageant past,
They bow their callous necks at last,
And with a heavy stride and slow,
The dreams of liberty forego.

Alas! it is a land of shades.
    And mystic visions, swift alarms;
The fretted spirit flames and fades
    With clanging calls to prayers or arms.
* * * The day is dying, and the sun
Hangs like a jewel rich wiht fire
In the deep west of your desire.
And o'er the wide plateau is rolled
A surge of crinkled sunset gold,
    Bordered with shadows gray and dun.
A horseman with loose, waving hair,
Black as the blackest of despair,
    Wheels into sight and gives you heed,
    And on its haunches reins his steed,
    All quivering like a river reed,
And sits him like a statue there,—

Transfigured in the sunset sea—
A bronze, bare sphynx of mystery!
A moment thus, in wonder lost,
His eagle plumes all backward tossed,
Then wheels again, as swift as wind,
The wild hair floating free behind.
And sunset's crinkled surges pour
Along an empty waste once more!
But you, since that fantastic shade
Across your desert path has played,
Distrust the very ground you tread,
And shiver with a nameless dread
Till stars drop crimson, and the sky
Is wan with heartless treachery.

* * * * * * *

For many days a form of white
Has flashed and faded in your sight
In fleeting glimpses, as of wings,
Our God's bright palm in beckonings.
It is a secret nursed of each—
You dare not give the thought in speech,
So wierdly solemn is the sign—
    As if, upon the western stairs,
    The angels of a thousand prayers
Were come with sacred bread and wine.
Again the still, enchanted hour
Of sunset burns in crimson flower,
And purple-hearted shadows sleep
Like clustered pansies, warm and deep,
    Eastward of wreathen crag and wall.
The road that wound and wound all day
In many a dark and devious way
At last with one swift curve ascends
A rolling plain that breaks and bends
    Westward, till rosy curtains fall
    O'er mountains massed and magical.
Resplendent as a pearly tent

Upon the fir-fringed battlement—
Serene in sunset gold and rose,
A pyramid of splendor glows,
So vast and calm and bright your dream
Is dust and ashes in its gleam.
A maiden speaks—"He led us far—
It is the golden western star!"
And then a youth—"Our goal is won—
'Tis the pavilion of the sun."
A gray sage, then, in undertone—
"It must be Hood, so grand and lone—
The shining citadel and throne
Of Terminus, that Roman god
Who marked the line that legions trod,
And set the limits of the world
Where Cæsar's battle flags were furled!
Oh, for the days of dark-eyed prophetess
Who sang in Syrian wilderness
The gilded chariots' overthrow,
To lead us for the cymbaled song
To him, the beautiful and strong,
Who dashed the brimming cup of woe
And was our cloud and flame so long!"

Forward! the crested mountains kneel
To patient toils of fire and steel—
A way is hewn and you emerge
Upon the Cascades' battled verge;—
And far beneath you and away
To ocean's shining fringe of foam
And summer vail of floating spray,
Behold the land of your emprise,
Serene as tender twilight skies
When day is swooning into gloam!
It is the morning twilight now
That wraps the valley's misted brow;
The bourgeoning and blooming dawn—
The reveille of Oregon.

How brightly on your vision, first
The pictured vales and woodlands burst,—
The lakelets set like twinkling gems
Along the prairies' pleated hems,—
The silver crooks and rippled sweeps
Of happy rivers here and there,
And many a waterfall that leaps
In rainbow garlands through the air,—
The skirted maples and the groves
Of oak the mild home-spirit loves—
Enameled plains and crenelled hills
And tangled skeins of brooks and rills,—
Imperial forests of the fir,
All redolent of musk and myrrh,
That fling and furl their banners old,
And still their gloomy secret hold
As Time his cloudy censer fills.

* * * * * * *

Where the foothills are wedded to the meadow
In the dimples that dally and pass
And the oak swings an indolent shadow
On the daisies that dial the grass.—
In the crescents of rivers; in hollows
Red-lipped in the strawberry time,
And the slope where the forests half follows,
A brooklet's melodious rhyme,—
On the sun-rippled knolls, and the prairies,
Beloved of the wandering kine—
In the skirts of the woodland the fairies
Embroidered with rose and with vine—
There's a tent, and a smoke that is curling
Above in the beautiful dome,
Like a guardian spirit unfurling
Soft wings o'er the temple of home.

And the ax of the woodman is ringing
All day in sylvestrian halls,

Where the chipmunk is playfully springing
And the blue-jay discordantly calls;
And the red chips are fitfully flying
On the asters that sprinkle the moss;
Where the beauty of summer is dying,
And the sun lances glimmer across;
There's a bird that is spectrally knocking,
On a pine that is withered and bare,
For the fir-top is trembling and rocking,
In the blue of the clear upper air—
There's a crackling of fibre—the crashing
Of a century crushed at a blow,
And the fir-trees are wringing and lashing
Their hands in a frenzy of woe!

A pheasant whirs up from the thicket
In the hush that comes after the fall,
And the squirrel retires to his wicket,
And the bluebird renounces his call;
And the panther lies crouched by the bowlder
In the gloom of the canyon anear,
And the brown bear looks over his shoulder,
And the buck blows a signal of fear;
But there's never a pause in your duty,
And the echoing ax is not still
As you waste with the green temples of beauty
For the puncheon and rafter and sill
That are wrought in a cabin so lowly
The trees will clasp hands over head,
But the heart calls it home, and the holy
Love-lights on its hearthstone are shed.

It is staunch and rough-hewn, and the ceiling
Of the fragrant red cedar is made,
With an edging of silver revealing
A picture of sunlight and shade.
And the Word has its place, not a trifle
Obscured in a pageant of books,

And above the broad mantle your rifle
Is hung on accessible hooks.
Oh, the freshness of hope and of fancy
That illumines the home and the heart,
With the grace of a bright necromancy
That excels the adorning of art!
And you rise and look forth and the glory
Of Hood is before you again,
And the sun weaves a gold-threaded story
In the purple of mountain and glen.

* * * * * * *

Stand up, and look out from the mansion
That adorns the old scene of the past
On the fruitage of hope—the expansion
Of the fruits of your vigils forecast!
While the shadows of Hood have been wheeling
Away from the face of the sun,
What a glamour of change has been stealing
On the fields that you painfully won!
Like the castles that fade at cock-crowing
The enchantments arise and advance
Where the cities of commerce are glowing
Like pearls in the braids of romance;
For a state, in the shimmering armor
Of the Pallas Athene has come,
And her ægis is fringen with the warmer
Refulgence that circles our home.

As for you, you are gray, and the thunder
Of the battle has smitten each brow
Where the freshness of youth was turned under
By Time's immemorial plow;
But the pictures of memory linger,
Like the shadows that turn to the East,
And will point with a tremulous finger
To the things that are perished and ceased;
For the trail and the foot-log have vanished,

The canoe is a song and a tale,
And flickering church spire has banished
The uncanny red man from the vale;
The cayuse is no longer in fashion—
He is gone—with a flutter of heels,
And the old wars are dead, and their passions
In the crystals of culture congeals;
And the wavering flare of the pitch light
That illumines your banquets no more,
Will return like a wandering witch-light
And uncrimson the fancies of yore—
When you dance the "Old Arkansaw" gaily
In brogans that had followed the bear,
And quaffed the delight of Castaly
From the fiddle that wailed like despair;
And so lightly you wrought with the hammer,
And so truly with ax and with plow—
And you blazed your own trails through the grammar,
As the record must fairly allow;
But you builded a State in whose arches
Shall be carven the deed and the name,
And posterity lengthens its marches
In the golden starlight of your fame!

THE PIONEERS.

Hardihood and Patriotism of the First Settlers. The Genuine Home-Builders of 1843 to 1848. Effects of the Gold Discoveries in California. Self-Government of the Veterans of the Wilderness. Working for Recognition from the United States Government. Organization of a State Pioneer Association. Early Reunions.

The following, taken from *The Oregonian*, being an interesting and comprehensive review of the period leading up to the formation of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and a synopsis of its transactions since that time, it has been deemed wise to publish it in this form for better preservation than is usually afforded in the columns of a daily newspaper:

The pioneer era of Oregon, in its genuineness and purity, was confined to a brief period, and a certain class whose object, pure and simple, was to find homes and to build up an American government on the Pacific. In the summer of 1848, Oregon was all there was of national domain west of the Rocky Mountains. The few thousand immigrants who had crossed the plains to become home-builders on the Pacific, had left behind them many of the comforts and conveniences of life, and their possessions here were limited to the barest necessaries and but few conveniences. They had left government and laws behind them, but bore in their hearts that unwritten law that nature has implanted in the soul of every freeman. Strange as it may seem, the home government sadly neglected this land and the people who came hither as home-builders, and left them to work out their own salvation, literally, with fear and trembling. There is no figure of our national destiny more

striking, no test of history more worthy of respect and commendation, than the figures those patriots displayed and the history they enacted, when the handful of Americans who occupied sparsely the valleys of Western Oregon, met together and framed the Provisional Government that lasted from 1843 to 1848. Let us glance at the picture and trace the facts of history.

THE IDYLLIC YEARS.

Prior to the emigration of 1843 about one hundred whites had gathered in Oregon, the creatures of accident. Some had been washed up by the sea, and others were of the class who traverse unknown lands. Here they met and clustered about the missions, or found transient homes with the fur company. Then came genuine home-builders from Missouri in 1843. Other emigrants followed them, until several thousand Americans had made their homes in Oregon. These were the pure and undoubted pioneers. Almost to a man they came with the determination that the British flag should never float on the soil of Oregon. That was not their sole object, but the pioneer of those years was keenly alive to a sense of British interference, and determined that it should not prevail in Oregon.

It was an idyllic time. There never was a period of American history that so nearly recalled the pastoral age, or that was so primitive, so genuine and honest, and depended so little on artificial influences. They had brought with them flaxseed, and were preparing to grow the fibre and spin and weave it into garments and other goods. There were a few sheep, and John Minto's wife spun and wove the wool into fibre and cloth, and he proudly wore a suit of home-made jeans. They had home-made government, and would soon have had home-made clothes, when there came over the world one of those freaks of destiny that are beyond the aid of fiction to portray or words to tell. Gold, the magician gold, pronounced the "open sesame," and the scene changed. From thence Oregon knew herself no more.

WONDERFUL NEWS.

Many among us recollect the quiet and seclusion of the time—the summer of 1848. Here the golden harvest was waiting for the sickle, and the pastoral quiet that had reigned so long hung over the Western world. There was little commerce here then, save what the Hudson's Bay Company controlled, but a schooner from Yerba Buena, since called *San Francisco*, found its way to the Columbia, and up the Columbia to the Willamette. She was freighted with greater news than the world often hears. Her captain was buying sup-

plies, and kept on until his schooner's hold would contain no more. He got potatoes at about his own prices, and when he had no more money to buy with he hoisted sail and was homeward bound. Just before he left he remembered that he had some letters from people there to friends in Oregon.

Among the Missourians who by that time had reached California was Governor Boggs, who, learning that a vessel was to leave for the Columbia, sent several letters to friends in Oregon telling them to hurry down and reap their share of the golden harvest. Rapidly this golden-winged news flew up and down these valleys, and soon it was carried far and wide. The story is old—is twice told and has become trite and almost commonplace, if so it could possibly become. Men traded good American mares for cayuse ponies—they packed oxen, even, in their haste to find transportation, and almost reversed the order of nature in their eagerness to be off. Yesterday the idyllic quietude that overshadowed this beautiful valley seemed perpetual. It seemed spell-bound in its isolation and remoteness. The sharp click of the sickle here and there made music glad to hear, and the spinning-wheel kept it cheerful company.

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

It did not seem that any possible event in history or time would change the quiet and peace of this valley and convert Oregon into a moving part of the active everyday world. Presto! change! The pioneer days are over! There is henceforth the rustle of the world, the dull glitter of gold, trade and commerce and all the thousand acts and things that identify man with civilization and a land with the great round world. The story of pioneer days ends with the reading of that golden news. Henceforth the Oregonian is an active, integral part of the golden era. It was an Oregonian who first discovered the filthy lucre in Sutter's millrace. The Oregon judge who left his state and the chief justiceship to visit California, became the first governor of that commonwealth. Oregonians were the lucky men in the mines and held their own everywhere.

It would have been an interesting study to have watched the course of Pacific Coast history had there been no gold discovered; to have seen the slow development of Oregon, as year by year emigrants came over and step by step the region grew. Where would the world and the nation have been now had there been no such vivid awakening, no violent wrenching of things from their ancient moorings? Where would be the vineyards and orange groves of Los Angeles and Southern California? Where would have been

the metropolis where thousands met yesterday and where *The Oregonian* is published to-day? Would there be Pacific railroads and great cities, and the thousand things that have awakened at the Midas touch of recent years? What would Oregon have been if the quietude of that summer had gone on in unbroken slumber?

TRAITS OF THE EARLY TIMES.

The original Oregonian was a man of something more than the common fiber of which mankind are woven. The webb and woof of ordinary humanity has not such tension and strength of will and firmness of purpose as these men showed. They had—most of them at least—been pioneers of the West before they crossed the plains. They were veterans of the wilderness from the beginning—born, as it were, with a heritage to character and fame—and when they nerved their souls to cross two thousand miles of dreary plains and weary mountains, with only the inducement to find the shores of another ocean and beard the British lion in his den, they left more timid souls behind to keep safe for the time the civilization they had helped to conquer.

What sort of men were they, and women, too, who could follow the footsteps of Lewis and Clark into that limitless, wild and endless wilderness, and could, with their household gods, and wives and children, and the trusty rifle within reach, lead and blaze the way for Fremont to follow? And they did this very thing. Before the pioneer years—the year previous to gold discovery—one of the earliest of these home-seekers returned to Missouri. He visited Tom Benton, Oregon's best friend and Fremont's father-in-law, at his own home, and braved the old man's wrath, by telling him to his face that the "Pathfinder" followed a track made by women and children instead of leading the way for them. Jo Watt always had a stubborn way of telling the truth, and told it then to Benton.

THE MEASURE OF THEIR FAITH.

It is difficult to reconcile with the ordinary prudence and circumspection of civilized men, the measure of faith the Oregon pioneer must have possessed in the destiny of this republic. After a lapse of so many years, the center of population of the United States is yet considerably east of the homes they left so long ago. They were already in the farthest West before they launched their prairie schooners on the far away plains, voyaging for the western verge. They were much nearer then—in their homes on the Platte Purchase—to Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims landed two and a half centuries ago, or to Jamestown, Virginia, where the Cavaliers found a harbor, than they were

to the shores of the Columbia or the valley of the Willamette. Judging by the past, then, they were leading the centuries a weary march.

In the spring of 1843 almost a thousand people assembled at a given rendezvous on the Western border, and organized for a march across the mid-continent. They were strangers to each other, little companies of friends and neighbors occasionally coming there together, but often men came with their families and stock and effects that had no connection with others. They had a common purpose, and were Americans, and they felt in their souls the words the poet sang—

> "No pent-up Utica controls our powers,
> The whole, the boundless continent is ours."

The only difference being their determination to prove to the world that the continent was not boundless, though the confidence and enterprise of Americans might be so. They had no doubts or fears, for the doubting and fearful ones never reached the rendezvous.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The idea of self-government comes as natural as air to an American, even if he was not born one. They commenced to govern themselves from the beginning, for every company that crossed the plains for Oregon elected its officers and framed its own laws. Strange, was it not, that while thousands who were strangers to each other made up the numerous companies of emigrants, there are no traditions handed down of serious crimes committed, or wrong doing? The class of citizens who seek homes are not ruffians or scoundrels. They had a common object, and union and harmony was essential to success. They needed to have confidence in each other, for they were much of the time among savages and might have to fight for life and property. Of course they had differences, as all human beings do, but the idea of government was present and a consciousness prevailed that in absence of courts and forms, the wrong-doer might be visited with summary punishment.

The first impulse of the emigrants who composed the movement of 1843, after their arrival here, was to form a self-governing state and induce the United States to extend the national jurisdiction over Oregon. It is said that, believing they would only find Oregon occupied by Hudson's Bay Company employees and native Indians, they carefully planned a territorial organization as they came along the weary road, and drew up papers recommending candidates from their own number to fill all the offices. The game was changed

a little when they came here finally and found men here as fond of office as any of themselves. Thus the first of the emigrations led the way and the road was made to Oregon, and word went back from them to all the world. Thenceforth it was neither so great a hardship nor so uncertain and unreliable a thing to move from the West to the far away Pacific.

ORGANIZING A GOVERNMENT.

Years passed quickly from 1843 to 1848, and during that period of time Oregon tried successfully her own theory of self-government. Perhaps the theory was not so much her own as American; but the movement was original with them and had no precedent since the establishment of Pilgrim governments on the Atlantic. The people of Oregon were *sui generis*, and not mere imitators of other men. Our pioneers organized and governed a state as completely as ever nation did, and under the same organization—had no recognition by the General Government intervened—they could have successfully governed Oregon until this day. They ruled wisely and were becoming assimilated under the beneficent home rule when the end came. The provisional government of Oregon stood firmly and was recognized by the adherents of Britain with all due respect. Unless it was really worthy of respect, such a man as Dr. McLoughlin would never have recognized it and sympathized with it. Quietly and easily the provisional officers were elected and inaugurated, and the Beaver State sprang into existence.

It is interesting to trace the course of such consummation and reduce to facts the rumors and incidents that make up our pioneer records, but time is wanting. There were aspirants and competitors for position, but all acquiesced in the result. The men who made the simple laws that regulated the various wagon trains were equal to legislating for a state. The provisional government will bear the criticism of a judicial mind, and has been closely sounded by many such. Of course the early work needed amendment, but the practical minds of the men of Oregon were able to make good laws and execute them.

WORKING FOR RECOGNITION.

Continually, from 1843 until the final recognition of the United States came, attempts were made to induce the General Government to recognize Oregon. Very interesting sketches of the efforts made at different times to accomplish this have frequently been published. Grave legislators, who thought they knew, declared it impossible to recognize Oregon because a man could not make the passage to and from Washington in the interval between the

sessions. A few minds were alive to the importance of the question, but could not awake the drowsy soul of congress to take action. It was an interesting time in the whole nation, and the freedom-loving spirit of Oregonians rejected slavery at the very time when the South was striving to uphold its corner-stone. Oregon did not wish its territory open to slaves, and slavery was trying to extend its power.

The Whitman massacre came, and the people of the distant territory were left to defend themselves from the savages of all their region as they could. Jo Meek was sent to Washington to carry this news, play the harlequin and buffoon, and do what he could do for recognition. While these matters were transpiring, an Oregonian, J. W. Marshall, discovered gold in Sutter's mill-race, and a change of programme ensued no human power could regulate. Recognition came, but the Oregon of the past was obliterated. The world poured thousands and tens of thousands of adventurers into California, and its overflow sought the less sensational and excitable region to the northward. Those who came to Oregon then were a class resembling greatly those who came at first. They could not come for merely speculative motives, and Oregon welcomed all who came to seek homes. But the adventurers and new comers were not pioneers and did not immediately assimilate.

EFFECT OF THE GOLD CRISIS.

The emigrations previous to 1848, went to work to subdue the soil and make homes. They made good headway and had a changed country to show for their endeavors. They became producers soon, for in those years the soil was rich and responsive, and gave back extraordinary returns. It was true of the land they tilled that when they "tickled it with a hoe, it laughed with a harvest"—consequently production followed tillage so promptly that when the rush of population to California created a great demand for food, Oregon sent the Argonauts liberal supplies, but this production was not sustained. The men of Oregon went to the mines, and the wheat fields went untilled. It is also true that if these same Oregonians had remained and tilled their fields, they would have enjoyed more comfort and better health, and, taken as a class, would have made more money. Some lost health and some lost life; a few made fortunes that but few retained.

More land was cleared and cultivated from 1843 to 1848, during the true pioneer epoch, than for many years after 1848. Men went to the mines and did not want to work on the farm when they returned. Farms went neg-

lected, or were rented on shares. There was so little production, and the foreign demand was so great—calling it a foreign demand that came from the mines—that by 1853 Oregon was on the verge of famine. Flour from Chile was in our Portland markets, and the failure of production bred a famine. Bread was above the means of poor men; seed wheat was $5 a bushel, and seed potatoes almost as high. In that year flour was sold at $24 a barrel, and in the absence of flour the mills were obliging enough to let them have shorts at $8 per one hundred pounds—so the effect of gold discovery was to breed a famine in the fruitful land of Oregon. The pioneers were temporarily demoralized, and had to come back to their farms and their senses.

A PLEASANT IDYLLIC PICTURE.

Of late years the Willamette Valley was Oregon, and a popular belief existed that there never would be a time when that beautiful and fertile valley would not preponderate in wealth and voting population. Alas, the scepter is departing from Judah, and Eastern counties are growing into magnitude. There was a time, before that, when French Prairie was the home spot of the Pacific Northwest, when the Americans had not yet gone into rendezvous on the Missouri border and had not taught their prairie schooners the long way across the plains. In those ante-pioneer days the Canadian French had made homes on the beautiful prairie, and in the absence of their country-women, had espoused the dusky maidens of the Calapooias who raised for them bright eyed groups of half-breed boys and girls. The Catholic fathers were here to bless the union and guide the lives of these youth, and the condition of these people was one of peace and plenty. The earliest comers among the Americans took homes among them and speak with pleasant memories of the quiet, peaceful, far-away life the French and half-breed population enjoyed. These remember seeing the young people assembled on the Sabbath where now is the Catholic church of St. Paul's, and the pictures they draw are charmingly illustrative of the idyllic period that Oregon passed through and the quiet and pastoral lives these Canadians lived.

"Many a time"—one of the earliest among early-coming Americans, says—"I have seen groups dashing over the broad prairies, following the trails that in the early times all led to St. Paul's, as in older times all roads led to Rome. The groups of horsemen, as they neared, proved to be duplicates of young people riding the same spirited cayuse. They were proud of their riding horses, and prouder still when they could mount one of the belles of the settlement on a steed with themselves. The idea of furnishing

a horse for the lady was not indulged when she she was willing to mount his own cuitan, and thus mounted, and riding double, lively cavalcades came dashing up to St. Paul's or to any social gathering in the settlement."

Who will question that the early years of Oregon were richly alive with happy hearts, far removed from care and trouble?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The American settler come in to share the beauties of nature and the good will of Dr. McLoughlin. Any recurring Pioneer Day would be a failure of purpose that did not recognize the good heart and the unselfish life of the brave old man who was dictator of life and fortune for thousands of miles of territory, and knew that his own fortune and those of the Hudson's Bay Company would be weakened by the coming of Americans at the very time he extended them a willing hand and unwearied assistance.

Where would Oregon have been to-day had the chief of that great company been a heartless man, only mindful of the interests of his company and unwilling to even permit Americans to come here, much less willing to aid their coming?

In those days the Canadian farmer delivered his wheat at Champoeg and received sixty cents for every "imperial bushel," paying in the goods of the company at Vancouver. When all circumstances are viewed, the management of that company must be commended. Their laws of trade were immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The established price for wheat was sixty cents a bushel, imperial measure, and the goods they sold were also priced, and not too high, all things considered. When the Americans came they could get the same price for wheat, and if they needed them, could get goods from the store at the usual price, on promise to pay in wheat. It is not a cause of pride to know that there were exceptions among pioneers; that there were a few who never paid this generous debt, and that many thousands were charged to Dr. John McLoughlin.

EARLIEST SEEDS AND PLANTS.

Far back in this century the Hudson's Bay Company brought from Selkirk Settlement, on the Red River of the North, seed wheat to supply the farmers on French Prairie. Sixty or more years have gone by since that time, and during all those years the "old white winter wheat" of the earliest years, has been the standby and is unsurpassed. Sixty years ago—in 1828—it was an almost priceless boon to receive from the hand of Dr. McLoughlin a quart

of that wheat. It had originally been brought by the circuitous waterway described in pioneer annals, crossing mountain divides in a few places, but canoeing up and down rivers and across lakes for thousands of miles. By this long and weary route seed wheat originally came and was propagated at the Vancouver farm to be distributed to all who were in need of it.

The company had orchards planted from seeds and grown to bearing. The world did not seem to realize, even sixty or eighty years ago, the ease with which grafted and budded fruits could be transported to great distances. The Frenchmen on the prairie had received such aid in planting fruit trees as Vancouver could give, and the early immigrants went to them for the same help. Tom. Monteith, of Linn county, and others went to the orchards of Jos. Gervais and LaDarout and dug up the water sprouts around the base of apple trees to get a start of fruit. When Jesse Applegate led a fruitless expedition towards California in the winter of 1848-49, to solicit arms from the military commander there for defense against the hostile tribes surrounding Oregon, which was balked by the towering Siskiyous, some of the pioneers with him gathered plum roots and grape vines from the wild growths of Umpqua valley and Southern Oregon and planted these in their orchards. A wild plum and a wild fox-grape are found there that do not grow north of the Umpqua valley. These reminiscences occur to one who writes of early times, and are deserving of place in Pioneer Day memories, because they show the efforts made in that day to secure a start of fruit trees.

AFTER THE GOLDEN FLOOD.

Oregon may be said to have been visited by a wonderful transformation in 1848, and to have been for several years involved in a strange struggle to acquire gold. But the time came in a very few years when the farmer learned that his true place was on the farm and not in the gold mines; that the greatest profits he could count on were to be made improving his land and extending his productions. They soon drifted back, more or less demoralized withal, and found the Oregon they had left not exactly the Oregon they came back to. Thousands had meantime crossed the plains, or came by sea from California. These occupied the vacant spaces, and filled up the country as full as mile square donation claims could do. They looked on the returned miner as a new comer, and the pioneer gold-seeker found himself almost supplanted in his own land. These feelings and conditions, however, gradually wore away as the flow of population continued, and the pioneer gave a welcome to all. The golden epoch was vivid enough, and may have had its uses for good,

but many of its results were unwholesome. The changes wrought were certainly in accordance with modern civilization, but were not in accordance with the spirit of pioneers years preceding. Now there was intercourse with the world. Mails were established, commerce grew, there was a demand for all products, and money was abundant where lately it had been a total stranger. The pioneer awakened from his idyllic years to find the world knocking for admittance at his doors and, rubbing his eyes, as Rip Van Winkle must have done, he wondered at all he saw. This world that he had awakened so suddenly in was too fast-gaited for him for awhile. He was in danger of being left behind.

THE PIONEER SENTIMENT.

Naturally and logically, out of the past, came memories and the faces of the old friends formed for the pioneers of Oregon—something that was tangible and true. The busy world had not driven him to become utterly selfish or heartless. He had an affinity with the neighbor who lived near him on the border, with whom he planned the long journey and who made that journey by his side, that he could not disguise. These were the men and families of the long train which wearily and slowly crossed the continent, lending each other aid and comfort, sharing everything and doing everything to make that journey bearable. Certainly such men were united by a stronger bond than mere acquaintanceship or friendliness. Their souls were knit together with hooks of steel when the Whitman massacre came, and of the scattered few many volunteered and went side by side to war. This assassination created a sentiment of union and made men dear to one another as no ordinary occasion can. The scenes of the early years were engraven on the minds of those who shared them, and the labors, hardships and dangers of those years caused those who shared these vicissitudes to have a warmer feeling than friendship and a stronger tie than kindred gives. So, when the years passed and the thousands of the forties became tens of thousands of the seventies, this feeling of pioneer days was asserted and revived. Many who crossed the plains had gone on before, across the dark river, to the unknown and unknowable, and those who were left were drawn together by association and memories of the past to form the Oregon Pioneer Association.

The first pamphlet volumes of the records of the Pioneer Association commences thus:

"There had existed for a number of years a growing desire on the part of a goodly number of the early immigrants, who settled the Willamette and

other valleys of Oregon Territory, to organize an association, the object of which should be to collect reminiscences relating to the pioneers and early history of the territory, to promote social intercourse, and cultivate life-enduring friendship, that in many instances had been formed in making the long and perilous journey of the wide, wild plains, which separated the western boundary of civilization thirty years ago, from the land which they had resolved to reclaim."

This feeling led a few individuals to call a meeting of pioneers at Butteville, Marion county, where an organization was effected October 18, 1873. F. X. Matthieu, President; J. W. Grimm, Vice President; W. H. Rees, Secretary. A reunion was held at the same place on the 11th of November following, there being five hundred persons present. Ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry delivered the address, and speeches were made by General Palmer, Governor Chadwick and Dr. Kiel. At the close the pioneer register had forty-five names.

At first, the pioneer movement was somewhat local, but the spirit that aroused it was general, and it was sure to grow and cover the Pacific Northwest. The second reunion took place at Aurora June 16, 1874. Governor Chadwick delivered the second annual address, and Senator Grover followed on the history of the Oregon controversy.

In the evening, while the mass of those in attendance enjoyed a dance, with abundant music, the Association held its session, electing J. W. Grimm, President; E. C. Cooley, Vice President; W. H. Rees, Secretary.

Previous to this time, a "Pioneer and Historical Society" had been organized at Astoria, so a committee was appointed to see what could be done to consolidate the two in one general State Pioneer Association.

The Association had grown in numbers and interest and was, in 1874, much stronger than in the previous year. At the close, the register contained one hundred and forty-five names. Many pioneers forwarded names to the Secretary afterwards, and he was confident of three hundred names at the end of the third reunion.

SELECTION OF THE DAY.

The selection of the 15th of June was due to its historical interest, for on the 15th of June, 1846, the vexed question that had for so many years prevented the recognition of Oregon Territory and its organization as American in character and worthy of protection, was settled forever. On that

date, commissioners who represented the two nations came to an agreement and adopted the forty-ninth degree of latitude as the boundary line between the two governments.

Thus, after years of patient waiting and self-government, the Oregon pioneer found himself, at last, a recognized citizen of the United States. This important decision was a tribute to his patriotism and due to the fact that by occupancy and cultivation, the United States had the best claim. It was in accordance with the old maxim—"Possession is nine points in the law."

That was the opinion of Whitman, and the special inducement for his mid-winter journey across the continent in 1842-3. He recognized that the only insurance of right must come from actual possession. He made such an impression on the people of the Western border, who had already heard of the realm of this Western shore, that they came by hundreds, and were piloted by him to their new homes. The Hudson's Bay people were more adventurous, more interested in keeping the country a wilderness than in redeeming it to civilization. Those who came from the United States were home-builders in every sense and meaning. Their settlement meant possession and possession meant right and ownership, so Oregon was delivered over to the pioneers by treaty, and they, in turn, in respect for the justice of this verdict of history, have made the 15th of June the day of their annual reunion, and honor it by the observance of a day devoted to friends and memories of "Pioneer Day."

THIRD ANNUAL REUNION.

In 1875 the Pioneer Reunion was held at the Fair Grounds, Salem, under very favorable circumstances. A vast concourse of the early settlers and their friends attended, and the roads were lined with wagons and carriages on the way to the pioneer meeting. For the first time the occasion assumed its proper importance and was held at a place convenient to the people. The record says:

"The trains from north and south swelled the throng. Hearty greetings were exchanged by friends who had not met for years, old acquaintances were renewed, where they had traversed the sandy plains in company. Those who were young then were patriarchs now, surrounded by children and by children's children, making a happy occasion, which, to be appreciated, should be witnessed."

The time had come when pioneers met and realized all the pleasure association could give.

On this occasion Col. John McCraken was Chief Marshal and the Pioneers were classed under the years of their coming, from 1840 to 1853. Judge Matthew P. Deady made the annual address, and Gen. J. W. Nesmith talked about the emigration of 1843. In the evening the pavilion was filled with dancers to good music. The Pioneers gathered around an improvised camp-fire and told yarns until late in the night, and the day fulfilled every possible expectation.

The officers elected were J. W. Grimm, President ; E. N. Cooke, Vice President ; J. Henry Brown, Secretary.

The committee appointed to confer with the Pioneer and Historical Society at Astoria, reported failure, as that society declined to unite. This was a serious mistake, unless the Clatsop folks desire to have a local organization. The other society now represents the whole State, while the Historical and Pioneer Society can only have a local interest.

SUCCESS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

From the successful and delightful Reunion held at Salem in 1875, the Society has grown more and more successful, calling out much talent in addresses delivered and compiling many facts of interest and importance. The result of its organization has been to bring old pioneers together and revive pleasant memories. The pioneer sentiment has been greatly strengthened and made popular, and must continue to the children of those who shared those dangers and privations. This Association is a blessing to the State, because it chronicles so much of history and calls out so many facts that will be precious, not only to future years but to future generations. There is only room in this State for one great society, but there might be a local association in every county in the State.

The suggestion should not be lost, but kept alive and acted on that there should be local societies to bring together pioneers in every county and chronicle facts of interest from every locality in the great Northwest. The pioneer chapters of history will be the best read of all. They will be prized and cherished centuries from now, when generations to come proudly recall the part their ancestors took in the development of Oregon.

SUCCESSIVE REUNIONS.

In 1876 the Society again met at the State Fair Grounds. The annual address was delivered by Judge R. P. Boise, the occasional address was by Hon. John Minto, and a poem was read by E. Eberhardt. Judge Matthew P.

Deady read for the interest of the occasion, from the *Overland Monthly*, an article furnished by the pen of Jesse Applegate, entitled—"A Day with the Cow Column," being a picture of life on the plains in 1843.

In 1877, at Salem, the annual address was delivered by Hon. Elwood Evans, of Tacoma, W. T.; a poem was furnished by Francis Henry, of Olympia, W. T.; an address was also delivered by Stephen Staats, and a poem by Samuel L. Simpson.

In 1878, at Salem, the annual address was delivered by Hon. William Strong. The occasional address was by J. Quinn Thornton.

In 1879, at Salem, the annual address was by Hon. Willard H. Rees; occasional address by Hon. R. C. Geer; Col. J. W. Nesmith furnished a reminiscence of the Rogue River War in 1853.

In 1880, at Portland, Col. J. W. Nesmith delivered the annual address, Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, D.D., the occasional. Robert Williams furnished a sketch entitled—"The Attack at the Cascades." The report contains a copy of a document found among the private papers of Dr. John McLoughlin, in which he gives a sketch of his life on the Pacific; of his acts towards Americans and his motives, as well as the way they were misunderstood by his own Company and by some Americans. This document shows the good old Doctor in a kindly light and is valuable in many respects.

In 1881, at McMinnville, the annual address was by Hon. W. Carey Johnson, and the occasional by Medorem Crawford. The report contains "A Journal of a Voyage" made in 1821 from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, to York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, by George T. Allan; also, "A Gallop through the Willamette," by the same gentleman.

In 1882, at Salem, Col. James K. Kelly delivered the annual address. The occasional was by Judge F. A. Chenoweth. The Annual Report has "A Historical Letter," by J. Quinn Thornton, showing his connection with important events; also, the oration at the grave of Gen. Joseph Lane, by Col. J. W. Nesmith.

In 1883, at Salem, W. Lair Hill gave the annual and Col. J. W. Nesmith the opening address. Judge Deady furnished an interesting paper on "Southern Oregon Names and Events."

In 1884, at Salem addresses were by H. Y. Thompson and F. O. McCown. A letter was read by Dr. W. F. Tolmie, written by request, and containing much historical data of his own recollection.

In 1885, at Oregon City, Judge George H. Williams gave the annual address. Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson read a poem dedicated to the pioneers, by S. A. Clarke, written by request, and Mr. E. L. Eastham gave the occasional address.

In 1886, the Fourteenth Annual Reunion was held at Oregon City, The Report for that year contains the annual address, delivered by Col. John Kelsay, of Corvallis, and the occasional address by Congressman M. C. George. As a frontispiece, it has a likeness of Col. J. W. Nesmith. Joseph Watt furnishes "Recollections of Dr. McLoughlin," and Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur a "Biographical Sketch of Hon. J. W. Nesmith," her father. Medorem Crawford furnishes a short artiele about Gov. George Abernethy. There is also a portrait of Dr. John McLoughlin and a sketch by Horace S. Lyman; and a portrait of Capt. John H. Couch, and sketch written by H. S. Lyman.

ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

BY REV. I. D. DRIVER.

On account of the intimate relations existing between the Indian War Veterans and the Oregon Pioneers, it was deemed appropriate and wise to publish in this volume of the Pioneer Transactions the following able and instructive address:

Indian War Veterans of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

From whatever stand-point we view this world, profound mysteries, full of instruction, present themselves. This very statement may be thought a contradiction, but facts and history clearly show that nothing but mysteries have funished mental food. A people whose civilization and religion contains nothing mysterious, the generations of their living make no more progress than the generations of their dead. Our world was born of throes and convulsions, and ever since life appeared on its surface conflicting forces have contended in its atmosphere and struggled in its waters, and living creatures of all forms and sizes have striven for supremacy. In this uninterrupted contest all the weaker in the vegetable and animal kingdoms have perished in the conflict and yielded themselves to their superiors and become food for their destroyers; these in their turn have been swept away by others still more powerful. Among the lower orders of creation the contest has been going on in the flight and the chase, and the victories gained, and the work of extermination accomplished by tooth or claw, made of the earth a graveyard at the time man first appeared in the world. The history of man shows that the same struggles for mastery that have marked the lower orders of creation still continue.

The most prominent trait in the nature of man is his love of conquest. Indeed, it may be said that this is found in the disposition of every natural

man; and its absence can only be accounted for by a lack of natural powers, or by being overcome by cultivation. Nothing in the history of our race has absorbed so much labor, time and thought as the study of the art of war; the making and using of warlike implements, and in constructing defenses against the encroachments of the invader. Thickly scattered all along the line of human history can be read, and all over the earth's surface may be seen, the destruction of cities, the overthrow of nations once great and powerful—the weak yielding to the strong, and the strong being overcome by others still more powerful. Thus, with ceaseless tramp the victor has marched over the vanquished, and the world's progress is represented by Christ to be like a "net cast into the sea, gathering the good and casting the bad away."

This great work of nature is going on as ceaseless as the tides of the ocean or the motions of the planets, and in the vegetable and animal kingdom controls the individual man and determines the destiny of nations. And is it not just and even merciful that it should be so? In a world like the one which we inhabit, where all must die, and which is bound by indissoluble ties to the whole universe, the destruction of one and the survival of another can not be determined by a question of life and death of the individual; but the question is, can the individual be allowed to stand in the way of progress? Can the general good be permitted to suffer? Can trees yielding inferior or no fruit be allowed to occupy the soil to the exclusion of those bearing better and more abundant fruit? The question to be determined is not a question of life or death; that decision has already been rendered. The question now is, which shall be continued, the fruitful or barren? In which direction shall the wheel of progress move, backward or forward? In determining this question but one conclusion can be reached, and but one verdict rendered—that the unworthy and unfruitful must give way to make room for a progressive movement and a better class. Of course the wisdom and power that determines these destinies can only be exercised by him who alone can comprehend all parts of the universe, and understands the relation that each part sustains to the others—which makes no room for private or individual judgment, and leaves individual and national destinies to be determined by one who alone is able to decide justly;—"when he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble; and when he hideth his face who then can behold him, whether it be done against a nation or against a man only." The invariable decision of nature is to "gather together the good and cast the bad away." This one fact, so prominent in the history of the world, decides the destiny of individuals and nations, and by their own works makes them live or die.

The occasion that brings us together to-day finds its expression in a principle that has governed mankind as far back as written history or monumental testimony records the struggles and progress of man. The triumph of the victor over the vanquished has in every age been made an occasion of rejoicing, and monuments, coins and sculpture that have defied the ravages of time, bear record to the conqueror's triumphal return with his captives chained to the wheels of his chariot. It is a sad reflection, that must ever mingle with earthly joy, that as in the vegetable and animal worlds life comes only out of death, so the triumph of the conqueror comes from the destruction of the conquered, and the victor's shouts from the cries of the vanquished. We live to-day on the accumulations from all past ages; stand on the ruins of all past nations; read in the successes and failures of the past the rise and fall of all that have preceded us, and hold in our hands and heads the labors and languages of toiling and struggling millions that toiled and triumphed through the ages of the past. As the seed cast into the earth for reproduction perishes and dies, and all that can be known of it afterward is seen in the plant once contained in the visible germ; so a people, overpowered and destroyed, yielding up their country, with their arts and implements of war, into the hands of the subjugators—all that afterward can be known of them is what is seen in the hands of the living. With the destruction of a people their habits, habitations and modes of living pass away into that silent country from which no messenger comes; yet, their history, names of things and places still live, and find a permanent place in our literature. How beautifully this thought is brought out in one of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, describing places and localities named by peoples now forever gone:

"Sad are fair Muskingum's waters,
Sadly blue Mahoming saves;
Tuscarawas' plains are lonely,
Lonely are Hockhocking's waves;
By Canawa dwells the stranger,
Cuyahoga feels the chain;
Strangers' ships vex Erie's billows,
Strangers' plow Sciota plains,
And the Iroquois have wasted
From the river, lake and bay;
By the rivers in the forest
Dwells no more the Seneca."

How sadly suggestive every proper noun, pointing out to us localities, rivers and names of tribes now extinct, while the living sounds dropped from

their tongues still linger on our own; and how we are startled to-day as we repeat the names of our beautiful valleys, majestic mountains and crystal rivers—as we ask ourselves, where are the people who gave these names, climbed the mountains in the chase, gathered wild fruits from the trees of the valleys, floated down the rivers in their light canoes and caught the fish from the mountain streams? As we musingly and solemnly ask ourselves this question, the same sad reflections come to us that entered the mind and stole softly into the heart of Kosroo, the Persian poet, in ages long gone by, when, reflecting on the generations preceding him, he wrote that beautiful verse:

> "I went toward the burying grounds and wept
> To think of the departure of the generations of the dead.
> I said, 'Where are they?' and fate
> Gave back the answer by echo, 'Where are they?'"

When occasions like this call us together and our minds are directed to governments and people of past ages, we read in the rise and fall of past nations our duty and destiny in this wonderful world of conflict, where every thing and every one that lags behind is overtaken and consumed—where life and progress are inseparably joined together, where every "unprofitable servant" is "cast out," and where no "barren tree" can live.

There is no more reason in the nature of things why a nation should grow effeminate, forfeit its existence and be destroyed, than there is for an individual to become negligent, slothful and unproductive, thereby inviting the strong and avaricious to come and claim his possessions and seize upon his inheritance. In both cases the great laws of compensation have been violated, and the required satisfaction exacted. Life in all its forms is contending in a race, and the foremost alone are chosen and rewarded.

To enter into the history of our Indian war would be uninteresting at the present time. To you who participated in the dangers and conflicts, and shared in the trials and triumphs, I can say nothing that would be interesting and instructive; and the deeds of horror committed and the sufferings and hardships endured have been so often published in book form and in our newspapers, that they live in our traditions and stories and form a part of our household words; and to you whose lives were imperiled for our protection, enduring hunger and hardships, consumed with frosts by night and the sun by day;—to you, I say, as we look at your bent forms and whitened locks, and contrast the veteran of to-day with the youthful, vigorous and brave volunteer of days long gone by, we have not forgotten the dark days when you were traversing

the valleys, climbing the mountains and swimming the rivers, while we in rude fortifications or with our families grouped together in neighborhoods, were watching by day for the charge of the savage foe or his stealthy approach by night. And here, as we meet to-day, permit me, first in my own behalf and in behalf of my children I shall soon leave in this beautiful and dearly loved land of my adoption, and in behalf of those who still survive, to extend in their names our thanks and heartfelt gratitude for your manly and patriotic service, so effectual in protecting our lives and homes;—and, still further, permit me to introduce you to our fellow-citizens who have found homes among us in this truly magnificent country which, by your valor and sufferings, has been wrested from the savage foe. We all join in grateful remembrance to you for the services you rendered, the hardships you endured and the victories you won, which secured to us what we now see and enjoy. And as we look into your faces and at the wealth and magnificence of this beautiful city, and with extended vision take in the cities and towns of our inheritance—the vineyards and fruitful fields of our possession—our peaceful industries and happy homes—our growing commerce and increasing wealth—all now fed and fostered by railroads which carry our products to all parts of our great nation and makes the land of the Puritans our neighbors, while by telegraph we hold daily communication with the inhabitants of the old world; and while our country goes on so fast increasing in population and so rapidly developing its resources, its mild and peaceful climate, so beautiful and productive, where wealth and industry can purchase so many of the chief blessings of life—we are brought to realize that a grand future awaits our beloved country. And although we shall not live to see the meridian of its future glory, our children and the strangers coming among them shall reap what we have sown and enjoy the peace you fought to secure; and future history will record the names and tell the deeds of the early inhabitants who, under so many discouragements and disadvantages and so remote from all civilization, laid the foundations for one of the greatest countries on the globe, fighting and overcoming the savages while developing its great resources.

Whether from neglect on the part of the government. or the great distance of Oregon from the western confines of border States, together with difficulties of transporting men and military stores, I am not prepared to say; yet it has been stated, with a strong coloring of truth, that from 1842 to 1873 the United States neglected its citizens in Oregon more than it has in any other part of its domain. This, if true, would put the citizens of Oregon during this period of thirty-one years under greater disadvantages than any infant settle-

ment had ever before been placed, separated as we were by an intervening space of two thousand miles of mountains and deserts, broad and rapid rivers, with deep and unbridged channels, and every foot of the way occupied by powerful tribes of hostile savages. No estimate now can be made of the suffering and inconvenience endured by those who first made homes in this land now so full of peace and plenty. I have myself made rails for one dollar and fifty cents per hundred and paid four dollars per bushel for wheat; while men now living, who have grown old with me, fought Indians and lived on mule meat. The peace and plenty of Oregon have cost something, and none have paid a bigger price than the survivors of our Indian war veterans; and I think it can be truthfully said that none enjoy our present comforts and prosperity better than they.

In April, 1843, Dr. Whitman left the Missouri River to plant the Presbyterian mission in Walla Walla, where he and his family and helpers were brutally massacred by the Indians; on April 11, 1873, just thirty years after, Gen. Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas, members of the Peace Commission, were treacherously murdered by a company of Modocs, headed by their head chief, Capt. Jack, while trying to negotiate a peace; and it was thirty years, lacking two days, from the time when Dr. Whitman landed in the Umatilla valley (October 5, 1843,) to the hanging of Capt. Jack and his associates at Fort Klamath (October 3, 1873,) for the murder of Gen. Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas, members of the United States Peace Commission. So it is not far either way from thirty years, during which time the early settlers were engaged more or less in wars with the different tribes of Indians east and west of the Cascade range of mountains, and on battle grounds from Steptoe Butte, in Washington Territory, to the lava beds on the California line.

To those who are unacquainted with Indian habits and modes of fighting the danger and difficulties can not be fairly estimated. It is unlike civilized warfare that the thoroughly trained and well disciplined soldier has but little advantage over the raw recruit. The military graduate finds no place for the use of his long-studied and dearly-bought scientific knowledge; and very often, after exhausting the entire amount of his military skill, he falls a victim to surprise, like Gen. Arthur St. Clair, who was so often cautioned by Gen. Washington.

The soldier who fights Indians successfully must in a great degree conform to their habits and to a great extent fight like Indians. He must meet and combat them on their own grounds, pursue and dislodge them from their

mountain fastnesses, follow them over mountains and through jungles when every moment he is liable to be fired on from some high retreat or secluded hiding place, where in vain he seeks to find their place of concealment. The utmost care must be used every night in selecting a camping place, and while he sleeps under strictest guard he is never free from danger; for with the stealth and silence of a spectre, and the greed and daring of the wolf will the child of the forest pass the sentinels and enter his camp and cause his sleep to know no waking. In civilized warfare danger only lasts during the time of conflict, but in Indian warfare every hour is one of peril. There is often as much danger in going to stake out a horse, carry a bucket of water, or in gathering wood for campfire, as there is in the hardest fought battle. I was born among the Indians of Northwestern Ohio—could speak Pottawatamie at eighteen years of age as well as my mother tongue; and often have I killed an antelope in the hills and by a rope tied to the horn of my saddle hauled him into an alkali flat, then hold the halter of my horse in my teeth while I dressed my game at a proper distance from the nearest hill where an Indian arrow could not reach me. Though never engaged in an Indian fight, yet all my life have I been intimately acquainted with their habits.

To the superficial thinker it seems strange that there should be anything like wars and conflicts among men, for as man is the only race of intelligent beings that inhabits the earth, and doomed as he is everywhere to suffering and a short life in the world, it is thought by some that his love of conquest and struggles for power, so marked in the history of the world, are hard to be accounted for; but a deeper insight into his nature and destiny will clearly show that these propensities, so marked in the history of his career, are only a reversal of his original nature, and that deeply underlying these seemingly singular traits there are others more permanent; and that, when by cultivation the surface is removed, there is an abiding principle in man's nature that makes him a brother to man all over the earth. While these seemingly antagonistic principles have control of him, like the general of Cyrus reporting on his sacred trust, it makes him exclaim, "I have two souls in me." In man's nature as it now is the two must exist, the conflict continue till the higher and nobler principle gains the ascendency, the great problem of his mission solved, swords be beaten into plow-shares, spears into pruning hooks, and nations have war no more.

Often while reading and studying these principles in the fierce mental conflicts over the substitutional principles of Christianity, I have wondered

why the deeper and ever-enduring traits of man's nature, so prominently manifest in the sweep of ages through all military life, have been overlooked—his undying love for a deliverer, the deeply recognized principles of substitution, sung by poets of all ages, written in novels, cut by sculptors and praised by orators;—in the patriot who dies for his country, like the manly act of Thaddeus of Warsaw in refusing to sell his noble horse Saladin, that carried him through all the hard-fought battles of the Polish wars, when the count had not money enough to pay his passage into exile:—and lastly, let me cite the case and conduct of Capt. Eckerson, once of our own Oregon, a true and noble soldier and one of the finest of our American poets, who, when promoted for meritorious conduct, on laying down the musket he carried through the Seminole and Mexican wars, wrote that beautiful poem which thrills the heart of every true soldier that reads it, and brought tears to veterans' eyes:

"Good-bye, old musket mine, good-bye;
I leave thee not without a sigh.
For many a day we've been together
In pleasant and in stormy weather,
And though the parting wrings my heart,
Yet, dear old musket, we must part.
Ah! many a sad and weary way
Through the dark swamps of Florida,
With aching limbs and blistered feet
I've trod the Seminole to meet,
And many a sleepless night I've lay
And hugged thee in my arms till day.
On Cerro Gordo's well fought field
The dread artilleries' thunder peeled,
And though thy tones were heard not then,
Nor foeman came within thy ken,
I owned the love that war reveals
The soldier for his musket feels.
When Cerro Gordo's towering height
We crowned in thickest of the fight
Thy stock was shivered by a blow,
But I was safe. Forget it! No;
Can I forget the same glad day,
When hot from Cherubusco's fray
I knelt upon the blood-stained sward
And strengthened thee with scanty cord,
Then with a shout of victory soon
Rushed on to join our brave platoon."

There is nothing deeper in the nature of man—no principle in the human

heart around which gather so many vital forces as love for a benefactor. It is learned first at the mother's breast, and nothing can remove it but the loss of purity, with all that is valuable in the nature of man. Its very nature is indestructible, and its growth eternal. How often have we witnessed the estimate placed upon it when bestowing the highest national honors at each return of our great natal day. In the long line of procession position is assigned each by estimated honors. Below the president, the nation's chief executive, are his constitutional advisers. Next, members of the supreme court, senators, representatives, in regular gradation, to the common citizen. At the head of all stands an old man clad in homespun leaning on a rude staff. A murmur of surprise runs through the vast assembly. Is it for wealth, wisdom or noble ancestry? None of these does he possess. Then why to-day accord to him the first honors? And the answer sends the blood coursing through the veins of every true American, and carries a deafening shout to heaven—this is an old revolutionary soldier ; he fought at Bunker Hill.

Man was made to love a benefactor and deliverer, and nothing but the utter destruction of his nobler powers can prevent him from doing so ; and to you, who imperilled your lives and met every conceivable hardship, in order to protect the early settlers while pursuing the peaceful industries of pioneer days, most grateful thanks are due. And now—when the clouds of war have been lifted high and carried far away, when a permanent and abiding peace has brought plenty to the land—when primitive customs have given way to refinement and culture, and log cabins exchanged for homes of modern architectural beauty, filled with the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization—the heighth, breadth and depth of the obligation of the present generation can be but faintly expressed by words. As we stand here to-day in this beautiful city—surrounded by private and public buildings of which the oldest civilization might well be proud, a city that for wealth ranks among the foremost for its population on the globe ; as we reflect on the progress and contrast the present with by-gone days—we feel both grateful and proud. And while the evidences of thrift and progress stand in attestation of the wisdom, industry and virtue of our people, let me here say that no honor is more willingly bestowed, and no names stand higher in the list of fame than the volunteer soldiers of our Indian wars. While I purposely avoid harrowing up your feelings by reciting the deeds of horror and relating the scenes of suffering, let us dwell on the pleasant reflection that savage warfare is forever past. The red man has faded away, and soon nothing will be left to tell his history but the dim trail on the mountain side, connecting the fishing with the

hunting ground; or the flinty dart that pierced his prey, or the stone morta in which he ground his simple food. While our civilization has removed him, our cities and towns stand on his former possessions, our fields and orchards on his hunting grounds, our commerce floats on his waters, and reflect that all has been achieved by our superior wisdom and power, let us not forget that life is a race, and that position and power can only be retained by those who hold foremost rank—a law which compels all people to live for the benefit of future generations or forfeit the right to live. In a government like our own, where all have equal rights and privileges, where permanence and perpetuity depend on the wisdom and integrity of the masses, the dangers are greatly increased; for if we fail to advance in intelligence and enterprise so as to fully compete with other nations, we are placed in the same condition that individuals are in who fall below the average intelligence of their surroundings, only to have their substance and heritage consumed by others. Or if we fail in loyalty and virtue, we contain within ourselves the elements of our own destruction; so that, instead of being an exception to former nations, the rule applies to us with greater force than to any other people. To live as a nation we must increase in virtue, intelligence and industry.

War veterans of Oregon, I am glad to meet you to-day. Each annual reunion is not only a happy privilege, but a blessing of inestimable value. Growing old, as we all are, and our numbers decreasing year by year, those of us who survive, are highly favored. Already your numbers are greatly diminished. Your leaders, Lane, Nesmith and many others have been cut down by the enemy that conquers our conquerors, and soon, very soon, will the last veteran and pioneer fade away and leave none to succeed them. Henceforth neither inspiration nor impulse can stir the spirit of man to "journey to the West in search of a new clime." The long, long journey has forever ended, and all the impulse that can henceforth stir the spirit of man is that which brought tears to the eyes of the world's conqueror when his conquests were stopped, not by an opposing force, but because there was no force to oppose him. No generation of pioneers will ever succeed you, not from the inability of your successors to continue the westward journey, but because the journey, if continued, would only pass over territory already trodden by pioneer feet.

The pioneer is forever dead. Henceforth the world is to have nothing but travelers. And while the warrior's fame, deeds of daring and shouts of victory live in the great struggles of the future, no generation of Indian war veterans will assemble after you pass away; and when you go to rest with

your fathers, it will be to mingle your dust with that of the red man's, overcome by that vanquisher that spares no man. And while future generations build and plant, science will discover and progress continue, no change will come to you, no conflict disturb your rest; your ashes and those of the red man will sleep together in quiet repose, and without a successor. As these solemn thoughts crowd our memories and awaken future anticipations as we meet you to-day—as recollections of the past and visions of the future crowd in upon us, let me, in the language of the poet, express my feelings:

" O'er the starless track of darkness,
  Looking backward, far away
Where a dread wold lamp burns dimly
  Through the ivy of decay;
Where o'er realms and gorgeous cities
  War's triumphant surge hath rolled,
And the black, grim rust hath settled
  On the altar steps of gold.
Looking back on ages vanished,
  Over history's deeded land,
Here at noon-day, soft and solemn,
  With my soul and God, I stand,
Stand upon a midway summit
  Where the past and future meet,
While two mighty torrents rumble,
  Foam and glitter at my feet.
Back I heard the swart Egyptian
  Boasting that, through change and time;
His religion, language, arts
  Shall reign and shine o'er every clime.
Hear the plastic chisel falling
  On the gray sepulchral stone,
And the pyramid and idol
  Glitter in the setting sun.
But there's one of nobler bearing—
  Know him by his kindled eye—
Know him by his fearless manner,
  By the soul that dares to die.
Thus are prouder names than Caesar
  Blended with thy glorious line;
Thus the world become thy debtor,
  Fair-haired Saxon of the Rhine.
Here thy Wellingtons, thy Nelsons—
  Heroes of the breach and sword—
There thy plains where haggard slaughter

Hath her smoking deluge poured.
Rest thy Miltons and thy Luthers,
Howards, Penns and Washingtons,
Sent from God as glad evangels
To earth's sick and weary sons.
Priests, in truth, most holy temples,
Questioners of fate and time—
These are thine immortal honors,
These have made our race sublime."

I should do great injustice to my subject were I to close without calling upon you to offer devout thanksgiving to the Universal Parent, who sendeth fruitful seasons to fill our hearts with food and gladness, and ask you to commend to him our beloved country, for which you have so often imperiled your lives, and urge upon you continued loyalty to our government, whose strength and resources have been so fully tested in the last fifty years, and whose principles of government so perfectly accord with the expressions of human nature. If Rome could boast that, while Hannibal was knocking at her gates, the land upon which his army was encamped sold for its accustomed value, we may readily conclude it to be a matter of still greater astonishment to the civilized world to behold the prosperity and growth of our civil and religious institutions, after passing through the struggles and pressure of the last twenty-five years, the only results of which have been the accumulation of wealth and strength, causing the roots of our national tree to strike deeper and spread wider in America's soil—causing it to stand to-day the admiration of the world and the refuge of the oppressed, with but one sentiment from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, while liberty and unity pervade the hearts of our people as the streams of water in their meanderings refresh and irrigate our lands—with these principles enshrined in the hearts of our people, from the stranger of newly sworn allegiance to the home-born citizen, and from the Oregon Indian War Veteran to the last survivor and supporter of Lincoln and Grant.

In conclusion, let me say to you who escaped the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the red man, and amidst the dangers, diseases and accidents of life are permitted to meet with us to-day, as you look back to the dark days of suffering and danger and exult in the present peace and plenty, admonished by the infirmities of age that the time of your departure is at hand, as you resign into the hands of your children the dearly-earned comforts of your earthly inheritance, we share in your anxiety. And to you, the children of these noble men, let me say, never before were greater responsibilities nor dearer-earned blessings

transmitted from parent to son. The central position you occupy in the world, the age of rapid progress in which you are to live, the great interests committed to your care, admonish us to speak to you in words of warning. The public domain is exhausted. Under poverty or misfortune your child can not "go west," as we have done, to secure an inheritance for you. To the present time your fathers have subsisted largely from the bountiful and liberal hand of nature; henceforth you and your children must deal with the close and exacting hand of man. We have met and overcome the hardships and dangers of pioneer life; you have a greater task to perform in grappling with the dangers and subtleties of civilization. We have repelled the savage and planted Christianity and civilization; you have to watch against religious and political enemies still more subtle and dangerous. We have built the bulwarks and fortifications; you and your posterity must defend them to all future generations, and may God, who alone is able to give you wisdom, preside over and bless the work of your hands.

And now, as we part to resume life's journey for another year, let me say good-bye and good-speed to all. Living so long and working so hard in this beautiful land of ours, we have learned to love you all, and amidst the clustering memories of the past and the glowing hopes of the future we pause to listen while—

"There comes a sound from the far West,
'T is not the savage yell
That once arose in this broad vale,
Sad deeds of blood to tell.
That voice is not the thundering sound
Of horses wild and free,
As o'er the prairies vast and fair,
Like rays of light they flee;
Nor yet the voice of hungry beasts,
While watching for their prey.
Nay, surely different is the sound
That we have heard to-day.
That voice is heard in mingling tones
Of freemen nobly blest,
The founders of this mighty power,
The Empire of the West."

MRS. MYRA F. EELLS.

Miss Myra Fairbank was born at Holden, Massachusetts, May 26, 1805. She was the daughter of Deacon Joshua and Sally H. Fairbank. Her father was deacon in the Congregational church at that place from 1818 until 1838, when he died, at the age of fifty-eight. Her mother lived to the age of seventy-five, and died in 1852. Both of them lie in the cemetery at Holden.

Myra was the oldest of eight children, all of whom lived to grow up, but only one of whom lived to be older than she was at the time of her death. Both on her father's and her mother's side she is said to have been a pure Yankee.

She made a profession of religion when thirteen years of age, uniting with the Congregational church at her native place, though she believed she became a Christian two years before this. At the age of seventy, when a few friends met to congratulate her on that event, she said that she had never been sorry that she had begun to serve her Savior when so young, as it had kept her from many temptations in life.

She received her education at a Ladies' Seminary at Wethersfield, Conn. During an important part of her early life, from 1823 to 1838, Rev. Horatio Bardwell was the pastor of the church of which she was a member. He had then recently returned from six years' missionary work in India, and was still zealous in the same work. In 1824, through his active exertions, a Gentlemen's and a Ladies' Missionary Association was established in her native place. Besides these, the church as a body took an active interest in the same work, each organization contributing for several years an average of about one hundred dollars a year for this object. Four persons from this church, between 1818 and 1838, went as missionaries to Africa, Syria, and Sandwich Islands and the Choctaw Indians. Hence, with such an education, it was not strange that when Rev. Cushing Eells, of Blandford, Mass., who became acquainted with her while teaching school in Holden, asked her not only to become his wife, but also to become a missionary, she replied in re-

gard to the latter, "I doubt whether you could have asked any one who would have been more willing."

They were married March 5, 1838, and on the next day started on their bridal tour and for their field of labor among the Indians of Oregon, through a then almost unknown wilderness, only two women, Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding, having made the journey previous to this time. Mrs. W. H. Gray, Mrs. A. B. Smith and Mrs. E. Walker were her female companions. The journey was made chiefly on horseback from the frontier of Missouri to Walla Walla, no wagons having made the trip at this time. Her first introduction to the mode of travel on this journey was after dark, and on a horse which no woman had ever rode.

The party arrived at Dr. Whitman's station, at Walla Walla, August 29, 1838. That winter she spent at the station, and the next spring, with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Walker, went to Tshimakain, a station among the Spokane Indians. This was their home and their work was among these Indions until the spring of 1848, when, on account of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and subsequent troubles, they were obliged to leave and go to the Willamette Valley. That summer and the next winter were hard times. While they were in the mission they had no salary, their expenses only being paid; and hence they had laid up nothing and the property they had, as horses and mules, belonged to the missionary society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Subsequently the Society gave them this property; but, for a time, when everything was very high on account of the recent discovery of gold in California, they found it difficult to get along. They had neither bed, bedstead, chair or table; their household effects consisting of bedding, a few small tin dishes, half-a-dozen tin plates, knives, forks, etc. Their largest kettle held about four quarts, and in this she baked bread, covering it up in the ashes. Their largest dish was a tin wash basin, and in this she made bread, washed dishes, hands, face, and the like at times. It was bread and molasses for breakfast, molasses and bread for dinner, and bread and molasses again for supper.

They spent five weeks on the Aberqua, then went to Salem, where she assisted her husband in teaching in the Oregon Institute, which has since grown into Willamette University; and in 1849 again assisted him in teaching in Tualatin Academy, at Forest Grove, which has since grown into Pacific University. In 1851 they removed to near Hillsboro, where they remained until 1857, when they returned to Forest Grove. Here, in society

very congenial to her, she spent a very happy part of her life until 1862, when her husband had gone to Walla Walla to lay the foundation of Whitman College. Her home for the next ten years was at the old Whitman Mission, amidst many severe trials to her at her age, but patiently borne for the sake of the cause. In 1872 their house was burned, when she went to Skokomish, W. T., where she lived with her oldest son until the time of her death, August 9, 1878, aged seventy-three years. She was highly esteemed by those who knew her as one of the excellent of earth. She left two sons, Mr. Edwin Eells, who for more than seventeen years has been Indian agent on Puget Sound, and Rev. Myron Eells, who for more than fourteen years has been a missionary among the Indians in the same region. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1844.

DIARY OF REV. EDWARD EVANS PARRISH.

[Through the kindness of Mr. E. E. McClure, a grandson of Mr. Parrish, his Diary has been obtained, and as it contains much of interest about crossing the plains in the early days, it is herewith published entire. Brief notes of the family history is herewith given.

Mr. Parrish was born in 1791, in West Virginia, and was married twice; first to Elizabeth Bussey in 1814, by whom six children were born—Doctor Adonijah Parrish, who died in Missouri 1866; Dr. Heshbon Parrish, who died in Linn county; Jesse B. Parrish, still living in Linn county; Sarepta Parrish, now deceased, who married Hugh Nickerson, an uncle of Hon. M. C. George; Permina Colget Parrish, who married D. H. McClure, both living in Linn county; Gamaliel Parrish, who died in Linn county about four years ago. His second wife was Miss Rebecca Mapel, to whom he was married in 1827. By her six children were born to him as follows: Elizabeth Ellen, now deceased, who married J. R. Robb, an immigrant of 1842; Mary Ann, now Mrs. Smith Knox, formerly of Knox's Butte, but at present residing at San Jose, Cal.; Rebecca Shinn, formerly the wife of Samuel E. May, but now the second Mrs. J. R. Robb; Thomas

Maple Andrew Jackson Parrish, living in Grant county; Edward Evans Parrish, who died some years ago in Wasco county; Rachel Merinda, who married Samuel Knox, of Knox's Butte, Linn county, both of whom died in that county.

Mr. Parrish died in Linn county in 1874, at the age of eighty-three. His first wife died in 1826, and second wife in 1880.—SECRETARY O. P. A.]

On Tuesday, October 10, 1843, we loaded our wagon, which we named the "Western," and rolled up to Mr. Felix S. Martin's. We stayed one night and next day went to Marietta. On October 12, late in the afternoon, we shipped on board the steamboat *Massachusetts*. We had not proceeded far when the horses kicked Nellie (mare) overboard, but two hands in the yawl pursued hard after and soon found her grazing on Kentucky soil. They were not long in replacing her on board again, when we proceeded on our downward way. All now went well until we landed at the Queen city, Cincinnati, on Saturday the 14th. Here we visited the finest kind of market, and left the city the same evening for Louisville on board the steamboat *Importer*. On our downward way, after we had left Cincinnati, we were in great distress in consequence of coming in collision with another boat. The alarm and distress were awful for a while. Our boat was injured considerably, but not so as to hinder her from running.

On Monday, the 16th, we left Louisville for St. Louis. On our way up the Mississippi, the boat came in collision with a sawyer and caused another alarm more awful than the former, but she did not sink, but proceeded on her way, and on Thursday, the 19th of October, 1843, we landed at the city of St. Louis about eleven o'clock at night.

On Friday, the 20th, we unshipped the "Western", horses, family and goods and loaded the "Western" for the upper country, and after a journey of about three hundred and seventy-five miles, we reached Platte City, in Platte county, Missouri, where we stayed until the 5th of December, when we left for Andrew county. On the afternoon of the third day, December 7th, we arrived at the house of Alphonse Owens.

On January 1, 1844, we left for the Little Platte, and, after a week's

stay with the friends, while bound with high water, we crossed the One Hundred and Two River and put up for the winter in the house of James Delbridge.

On April 15, 1844, we landed on the bank of the Missouri River on the way to Oregon, and on the 16th crossed all over safely and camped in the Indian Territory, where I commenced anew to write a diary, having lost the one I kept during my journey from Hoskinville to the neighborhood of Platte City. We remained on the encampment near the Missouri River until the 9th of May, when we left for the United States Agency. But O! the difficulties of this day in crossing the slough and bottom. After that we mired down twice within less than a mile, so that we had to unload in both cases. But, thank God for good friends, for without them we could not have got along. We passed through both mud and water and landed safely at the foot of the bluff that evening.

FRIDAY, May 10.—This morning we left the place of encampment and rolled off for Mosquito Creek, arriving safely in the middle of the afternoon, all in fine spirits.

SATURDAY, May 11.—All in good health this morning. Made an early start for the United States Agency and arrived at the place of encampment near the Agency by twelve o'clock. This day the "Western" got along finely, but Mitchell Gilliam's provision wagon broke down, and the General got his eye hurt. Hope it will get well soon.

SUNDAY, May 12.—All in good health. Cattle all up. To-day commenced herding cattle to keep them together. Afternoon cloudy, evening rainy, the latter part of the night a very hard shower. The Agency branch rose high, suddenly.

MONDAY, May 13.—All glad to see the light. News soon arrived of the loss of the Wolf River bridge, and also of the death of the sick man, Bishop, who was bound for the Rocky Mountains for his health. He died at Mosquito Creek. It is now pretty well cleared off, near noon. Afternoon clear. Camps remain as they were. All well.

TUESDAY, May 14.—The day spent in trying to cross sixteen wagons over the Wolf River on a raft, but it proved a failure and we had to build two canoes.

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—This is a rainy day. Several families moved from the Sac Agency branch into camp. Were caught out in the hardest

kind of rain. Cornelius Gilliam in the company. Many hands engaged to-day in trying to cross the wagons over Wolf River.

THURSDAY, May 16.—All in good health this morning, though the night was rainy and the morning continues wet. Much uneasiness in camp and anxiety to be off. Colony about to organize, but put off again.

FRIDAY, May 17.—Morning cloudy. Had a speech from the General which closed by orders to march immediately, which was obeyed. Made good speed and encamped on a branch of Wolf River to await the arrival of a part of the company, William Shaw and others, who are yet in the rear. Cleared off and turned a little cool.

SATURDAY, May 18.—Morning cloudy. Camp ordered to move on, say six miles, as part of the colony company are not yet up. Rainy to-day and this evening. Wagons all in except two.

SUNDAY, May 19.—The two wagons came in this morning. Still continues to rain which makes it very muddy and disagreeable. Hope it will soon clear off. Thank God, for this afternoon it ceased raining and the sun shone clear. The new moon also made its appearance. Stars rather dim to-night.

MONDAY, May 20.—Windy this morning, but soon cleared off and we had a fine drying day although rather cool for comfort. Camp ordered off this morning about six miles. The ground soft and muddy, but we got along finely and reached the grove by one o'clock and camped again. All now busy, some cooking, some getting wood, others drying their goods and provisions, while I am writing. Evening clear and cool.

TUESDAY, May 21.—This morning had great white frost. Sun rose clear. All now busily engaged—hunting cattle, hunting horses, cooking, eating, etc. Last night we had a wedding in camp. Mr. Martin Gilliam to Miss Elizabeth Asabill by E. E. Parrish. Both young. Hope they may do well. Preparing to make an early start, but the cattle are not all up. Indians accused of driving them off. Indians not guilty—cattle found. Camp moved about twelve o'clock. Road very muddy. Made about ten miles to-day and camped in a pretty place in good season. Guards out. Cattle scared and run off. Guard dismissed till morning.

WEDNESDAY, May 22.—Cattle scattered and horses gone. Soldiers have gone after them. I hope they will be successful. This is a fine morning, the mud fast drying up. Evening clear.

THURSDAY, May 23.—Morning indicating rain. Heard from the detachment of soldiers who went after the Indians. They proved successful in their search and found four oxen and two cows killed by the Indians. The agent replaced them by giving as many instead. The horses were found by C. Gilliam, but not in possession of the Indians. Company moved up Wolf River two miles and camped.

FRIDAY, May 24.—Last night very rainy, with high wind. This morning rainy and very muddy and disagreeable. Last night the Agent with some thirteen or more Indians of the Iowa tribe were in camp. They got a good wetting and went back early this morning. We are now near the line between the Sacs, Iowas and Pawnees.

SATURDAY, May 25.—Camp moved ten or twelve miles and camped near a little grove on a hill above a fine spring. Passed the night in peace.

SUNDAY, May 26.—All in pretty good health this morning. Sun rose clear, with prospect of fair weather which I hope will be realized. My wagon is now attached to Fourth company, having left the Second company, whose Captain is Wm. Shaw. Mr. Saunders is Captain of the Fourth company. This day has been warm and hard on the cattle. Made a good day's drive and camped on the Nimehaw River near the head of the Wolf and Nimehaw in the Kickapoo country.

MONDAY, May 27.—Camp pretty healthy. The cattle having been herded by the guard through the night are all here this morning. Prospeet for a warm day. Soon turned cloudy and terminated in a tremendous rain. Hard work to reach a camping place. The evening and whole night very rainy.

TUESDAY, May 28.—A rainy morning, quite discouraging to some, but we mean to pass on, by the grace of God. Evening rainy. Camp remains stationary on the Nimehaw River.

WEDNESDAY, May 29.—Still rains. All in good health. Cattle all here. Rain continues until afternoon. Sun set clear and moon and stars fill their office this evening.

THURSDAY, May 30.—Camps remain as they weie. Sun arose this morning clear and beautiful. Wind from the north. Rather cool for comfort. Hope it will be fair weather now.

FRIDAY, May 31.—Cloudy, sprinkled rain. Hope it will clear off before noon. All hands preparing to cross the Nimehaw. The Fourth com-

pany first crossed the river safely and are now stopped to bridge a branch of the Nimehaw. A frolic in Mr. Sager's family to-day. Cleared off and had a fine afternoon. Camped on a round hill. Much lightning, some wind and rain this evening.

SATURDAY, June 1.—Cool and cloudy with thunder. Camp moved on and crossed another branch of the Nimehaw and camped one mile beyond, near a fine grove of hickory and other timber. We are camped to await the arrival of Mr. Sager whose wife is sick. Hope she will be well soon. Evening clear and cool.

SUNDAY, June 2.—Quite cool. Sun rose clear. Camp ordered to remain in its present position to await the recovery of Mrs. Sager. She is reported to be very sick this morning. Preaching is appointed for to-day at half past eleven o'clock. Divine service by Rev. Mr. Cave from the text, "Fight the fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life." Afternoon rather cloudy, hope it won't rain. Report says that Mrs. Sager is getting better and that camp will be ordered to move in the morning. Hope it will be true.

MONDAY, June 3.—Very cool this morning. Health of the camp improving. At six o'clock all hands engaged in making an early start. The day proved cool and we made a good drive and camped in the open prairies on the divide. Three companies are now camped together again and prepared to guard the camp and stock.

TUESDAY, June 4.—Nothing occurred during the night out of the common order. This morning we have very heavy dew and dense fog. Our wish for a fine day has been fully realized; the fog giving way before the sun, and the wind, which blew, made it cool and gave us a fine day for traveling. Nothing strange occurred. The General (Gilliam), who had gone ahead, returned with good news, having been out to Burnett's trace, which is only about ten miles ahead. He saw ten wagons of C. L. Ford's company encamped on the west side of a creek which is a branch of the ————

WEDNESDAY, June 5.—A very pretty, clear morning. Last night had a "court" trial. Young Eads was charged with attempting to shoot a man in a quarrel. The court ordered him bound over for good behavior. Got along finely to-day, the cool, brisk air keeping it from being very warm, although the sun shone clear. We were detained awhile in crossing a small branch of the Blue River, between two branches of which we camped.

THURSDAY, June 6.—Somewhat cloudy this morning. Camp remains stationary to-day on account of the sickness of Mrs. Gager, the General's daughter. Yesterday we were much cheered and revived on striking the Burnett trace.

FRIDAY, June 7.—Made a good start and came to the creek, a distance of about one and a half miles. We found the creek up and rising, and are waterstayed until we build a boat. This causes some dissatisfaction in camp, as they think they might have gone over yesterday.

SATURDAY, June 8.—Camp waiting for the boat and creek still rising. This morning ten men were detailed for the purpose of going to the Big Blue, in order to secure the boat of the other company or to build one, but failed to cross, the creek being too high and still rising. This evening the creek is at a stand. We have much thunder and lightning, several heavy rains and some hail.

SUNDAY, June 9.—Another Christian Sabbath is allotted unto us. The General has found out that the water is not too high to go to work on the canoes, although yesterday nothing was done on the water crafts. Well, it must be so.

MONDAY, June 10.—Last evening was very rainy, and this morning and afternoon it still rains, the creek was falling, now rising, but still continues high. O, that the good Lord would please send us fair weather if it would be for the best.

TUESDAY, June 11.—Last night and this morning rainy. Nothing of importance going on except hunting cattle. Evening very rainy and waters rising fast.

WEDNESDAY, June 12.—This morning it still rains and waters are still rising. Prospect for traveling very poor. Hope the good Lord will soon put a stop to the rain and cause the dry land again to appear.

THURSDAY, June 13.—Still raining, waters still rising. Now very difficult cooking on account of the steady, hard rain. This afternoon all families except four moved out of the bottom on account of high water, though the sequel proved that they were worse scared than hurt, as the waters began to fall between eight and nine o'clock.

FRIDAY, June 14.—This morning it still rains, though the water is falling fast. At noon it still rains. O, that it might please the good Lord to cause it soon to cease.

SATURDAY, June 15.—This morning still cloudy and mists a little, although there is a fine prospect of clearing off. Water still falling in the creek. The canoes are now in and almost ready for crossing, and I hope we will be patient to-morrow and try to spend the Lord's day to better advantage than the last.

SUNDAY, June 16.—A fine morning. Divine worship appointed at three o'clock. At three o'clock a fine congregation convened under the shade, and we had a comfortable season in trying to speak to the people in the name of the Lord and for their good. After the sermon we listened to a fine address by Sergeant Major Saxton, containing a lucid exposition of law.

MONDAY, June 17.—A little cloudy and signs of rain, which I hope will be restrained so that we may cross the Creek Vermillion. This camp is about one mile north of Flint Ridge on which the Blue Mounds stand. Flint Ridge is the place where I found my whetstone. O, how it did rain. Well, so let it be. Cleared off again and we began to cross wagons and teams this afternoon, Mitchell Gilliam and the Owens company going over.

TUESDAY, June 18.—Mr. Hoover crossed early, then we and others followed. I am now writing on Clawson's Point.

WEDNESDAY, June 19.—Preparing to move to the Big Blue in order to cross. The morning is cloudy and it thunders. Forenoon rainy, afternoon clear and warm. We landed on the Big Blue a little past one o'clock with eleven wagons. The prospect for fair weather is now flattering, but we are water-bound again, as the Blue is still out of its banks.

THURSDAY, June 20.—Clear, with heavy dew. Spent the day in hunting up the canoes used by Woodcock's company. Found both rolled out and fastened together, with oars on and ready for use. James Owens came near being drowned while swimming the river to get the canoes out of the drift. He cramped while swimming. Thank God for his escape.

FRIDAY, June 21.—A fine, clear morning. Family all well. Prospect pretty good for crossing the river to-day. The men went to work spiritedly and crossed over Captain Saunder's company. The other two companies came up and are ready to cross to-morrow.

SATURDAY, June 22.—All in good health. Captain Morrison's company crossed to-day.

SUNDAY, June 23.—A fine, clear morning. Captain Shaw's company all over the Big Blue and about half the cattle.

MONDAY, June 24.—Cattle all over before ten o'clock and we are ordered to move this afternoon, but did not get away.

TUESDAY, June 25.—Heavy thunder and lightning and much rain last night, and this morning it is damp and cloudy. This is the place where the bones of a dead man were found. I understand that the General will not resign as he had previously determined.

WEDNESDAY, June 26.—A cloudy morning with a sprinkle of rain. Family all in good health. Camp got off by six o'clock. Had a hard day—some rain and much mud, but made a good day's drive. Crossed the sideling bridge and camped in the fork of the branch. The sun set nearly clear.

THURSDAY, June 27.—The sun rose clear and it continues clear and windy, the water and mud fast disappearing. We are now across what I think to be a branch of the Republican Fork of the Kansas River. At noon we ate sitting on a high bank. Captains Shaw and Morrison missed the track and lost some ground, but are now come up again. Camped this evening near the elm tree with the hawk's nest on it.

FRIDAY, June 28.—Cloudy again. Camp all in a bustle to get off. The road is now better, the land more rolling. The most of the way from the Big Blue River runs through a beautiful, level country, rather wet until we cross the high, bank fork, then it becomes more rolling.

SATURDAY, June 29.—Last night we had another thunder gust, much wind with little rain. Sun shines clear this morning. The character of the soil has changed very much, being more sandy, rolling and solid. Wagons now roll on finely. George Nelson, John Owens and myself measured one hour's travel and found it to be two and a fourth miles per hour. Thunder, lightning and rain this evening.

SUNDAY, June 30.—A very hard rain which ceased at half past seven, A. M. The order is to collect the cattle at the sound of the horn and be off. This camp is on the waters of the Republican Fork of the Kansas River. Mitchell Gilliam's bull was killed here so I call it the Bull Fork of the Republican. The camp moved according to orders about ten o'clock. The road pretty good, but somewhat soft on account of the rain. Camped on a small branch of the Republican about four o'clock. Cloudy most of the day, although very warm at times. Here the people sunned and aired their clothes, so I call it the "Air" Fork of the Republican.

MONDAY, July 1.—We had an alarm in our camp last night. A Mr.

Brown, while on guard, thought he saw Indians approaching, and fired on them. What he saw remains yet to be ascertained. Cloudy, and thunders this morning, and a harder rain than came on us is not very common. Branches all rose and we became waterstayed again. Finally the sun set clear and the camp did not move.

TUESDAY, July 2.—Aimed to make a very early start. A hard rain came on and the camp was hurried off to get over the branch before it rose again. Yesterday Mitchell Gilliam and the Owens' brought an antelope into camp. To-day we made a moderate drive and camped on the prairie. This is the second time we have camped out on the open prairie where there was no wood except what we had in the wagons.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.—A foggy, cloudy morning. We are on a high hill, the divide between the Republican and the Platte. Here we saw an antelope running by, so I called it Antelope Hill. Cloudy most of the day. Made a good day's drive, although two wagons turned over, hurting Wm. Bowman's wife who lay sick inside. The other was Rev. Mr. Cave's. His little son lay asleep in the wagon and his arm is somewhat hurt. Another wagon got broke to-day. This evening Louis Crawford killed an antelope.

THURSDAY, July 4.—A fine morning. A number are reported sick in camp. The General's orders are that this be a rest day for the cattle, a wash day for the women and a day to hunt for the men. A good deal of thunder and lightning and some rain this evening.

FRIDAY, July 5.—Sun rose clear. We learn that there was a wedding in camp last night—Mr. John Kindred to Mary King by Rev. Mr. Cave. Quite warm this forenoon, but it turned cool and proved a fine day for traveling. Got a little off the track to-day, but hope we will soon get back. Camped for the third time in the open prairie without timber near a small pond of water. Another antelope was brought into camp to-day by Elisha McDaniel, and John Owens almost capsized his wagon by driving into a ditch.

SATURDAY, July 6.—It rained a little last night, and this morning is cloudy and cool. Camp all in a bustle preparing to start. We have not left the Republican as was expected. Our anxiety to see the Big Platte cannot be gratified yet. We fear we lose ground for want of a competent pilot. We got along finely to-day. Evening rainy.

SUNDAY, July 7.—A dull, cloudy morning, We camped out again on

the open prairie; will make an early start and try, if possible, to reach the Platte. The water we used here, we got out of a kind of a grassy pond, not a lake. We got off early and made a fine day's drive and camped between two and three o'clock near a small grove of timber, on an island. in the Platte river. We were so glad when we saw the Platte valley and timber, that some shouted aloud. The distance across from the Republican Fork of the Kansas to the valley of the Platte is thirty-five or fortv miles. The bottom or valley of the Platte is estimated at eight miles wide. It has now been thirteen days since we left the Big Blue. We laid by two days in all. This has been a cloudy day and cool. Two antelopes were killed to-day, one by the General, and the other by Louis Crawford. This camp is six or eight miles up the Platte, from the place where we first struck the bottom. Here are old bones of buffalo and other animals in abundance, so I call it the Valley of Dry Bones. To-day, a man having seen us from the river, called on us as we passed. He was going down the river with three flat boats from the upper country, laden with furs. Captain Saunders talked with him.

MONDAY, July 8.—A cloudy morning with prospects of clearing away. Cattle very much scattered this morning. This camp will be long remembered by many, for the Platte river is up and has thrown the water around between the timber and the camping place, so we had to wade the water above the waist, in order to get wood. It cleared off and was warm, and hard on the oxen; our journey to day being up the Platte, we were most of the day passing the island. It is said to be thirty miles long. Four antelopes were brought in to-day. We camped this afternoon on the side of the river near another small island.

TUESDAY, July 9.—A clear, fine morning, a little cool. Preparing again for an early start. It has been the warmest day that we have had, and will soon dry up the mud again. We had to drive slow, but made a fine day's drive. Our road lay up the river, along near the bank. This Platte is very wide for the quantity of water. It is full of small islands. The hunters brought in nine antetopes and saw one buffalo this afternoon. The night is cool and pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—A little cloudy this morning. One antelope taken before breakfast and one afterward. Nothing strange occurred except the prairie dog towns; they are singular animals, living as they do in such great numbers together. It has been a warm day.

THURSDAY, July 11.—A fine clear morning. Made an early start, and

traveled four or five miles, and then stopped to kill buffaloes; they are found here in vast quantities. They were first discovered by Mr. George Nelson, who gave notice, when all who could raise a horse and gun, were after them; fourteen were killed. It is difficult to form an estimate of the numbers to be seen at a look. Mr. Simons says they are thicker than he ever saw stars in the firmament. This afternoon Mr. Nelson came in from the hunt for horses to pack in the meat; nine horses and mules were sent out. I went with them and saw four lying within a short distance. The General was one of the hunters who killed them. He advised getting wagons to haul the meat instead of attempting to pack. Some returned for wagons and got a fine wetting by the way, for a tremendous thunder gust came over, and from the clouds torrents of rain descended with wind, and gave us a mighty wetting. On our return to camp, Mr. Joseph Caples shot a long distance at an antelope, and broke its hind leg; but the fun began when Samuel Ferguson, on horse back, tried to catch it. After a fine race, he overtook it, dismounted to kill it, when it ran again. They pursued it on foot and finally captured it. Some reached camp a little before dark, through a hard storm of wind and rain.

FRIDAY, July 12.—Cloudy and dense fog this morning. The camp is a scene of confusion. Part of the company want to be off, and the other part want to stay and save the meat. We are preparing to send out the wagons for the meat killed yesterday. Our journey for the last four and a half days has been up the Platte. The game taken has been antelope, until yesterday; then the fun began. Buffalo racing is a business of much diversion, indeed. A horse of common speed will run upon them immediately. The hunter then dismounts and fires, then loads and mounts again, and soon comes within gunshot. This process is continued until he has taken in this way what he wants. Now, while I am writing, it is half past eight o'clock, The cool, brisk wind is pleasant, and we have a prospect of clear weather. The General has met and stopped the wagons, as the meat killed yesterday, spoiled, although most of the buffalo were gutted and left unskinned and undivided through the night. So much for ignorance or want of information on these matters. Forty thousand pounds of the best beef spoiled in one night. The animals were run through the hot sun a great part of the day, and then shot down and left to lie in the hot sun during the afternoon until near sunset, before they were gutted, and then were left through the night with the hide on. Nearly all was lost, except what Captain Sanders brought in. Now, about we are still in camp waiting to see if the hunters will kill any more of these useful animals. Since writing, I have had the estimated weight of the four-

teen buffalo, which is one thousand pounds per head, all of which, except three or four hundred pounds, is lost. God forgive us for such waste and save us from such ignorance. The hunters have returned, and brought with them one buffalo and one deer, the first that has been killed on the road except a small fawn which was killed on the Nimehaw. Now, it is pretty certain we shall move from this place of encampment early in the morning. To-day, Colonel Simons resigned, and the General ordered a new election which resulted in the choice of Jacob Hoover for Lieutenant Colonel, and Alex McQuin as first Lieutenant, instead of Mr. Hoover, promoted. Part of the hunters have returned with another buffalo, making two killed to-day. Cloudy this evening.

SATURDAY, July 13.—Cloudy this morning. Camp about to move. Four hunters came in this morning, who were out all night. They had an other buffalo, making three killed yesterday. The clouds gave way and the wind blue, and we had a fine day's travel. The cattle got along finely. We camped near the bank of the river. A small herd of buffalo was seen this afternoon, and the hunters went after them, but returned without meat. A Mr. Sublette came up this afternoon with a company of sick folks, going to the mountains for their health. They have had four deaths in their company since they left St. Louis. This evening cloudy, with lightning, thunder, and a hard rain. An alarm of Indians was made in camp; a man on guard thought he saw six Indians. He hailed them, and fired two shots, but no Indians were killed or sign seen.

SUNDAY July 14.—Cloudy, after a hard rain last night. Family in middling health. Cattle are up early and we will be off soon. A fine herd of buffalo are close by; a few hunters went out and killed two. Made a good day's drive and camped on the bank of the South Fork of the Platte.

MONDAY, July 15.—Quite a confusion in camp this morning about buffalo hunting. The General seemed quite "cantankerous" because Louis Crawford went out after buffalo this morning contrary to orders. This is a middling clear morning, though the clouds and signs did look like rain. We are now in expectation that the camp will not move from here to-day, but that we will hunt and barbacue meat. The colony was called to-gether by the General, who, after a short, abusive speech, tendered his resignation. Then First Colonel, Benjamin Nichols, resigned; we are now in companies. This is a gloomy day to my mind. I pray to the Lord to grant that it may be overruled for the best to all concerned. This company is called the California

Company. Captain, Saunders; Mitchell Gilliam, Lieutenant; James Marshall, First Sergeant, Gamaliel Parrish, Second Sergeant; Solomon Shelton, First Corporal; William Gilliam, Second Corporal, and E. E. Parrish, Judge. S. Shelton left the company some time ago. An order by Captain Saunders to hitch up and roll away was promptly obeyed. After traveling some four miles upon the best kind of road, we again camped on a high bank near the river. Here, we expected to see Mr. Sublette and company, but he had gone further, but where we do not know. Our company is not all together, and I don't know how many we will have when they are all up. This afternoon is clear and pleasant, a brisk wind cooling the rays of the sun, so that it is not excessively warm. There are quite a number sick in the companies back of ours. I think they will not live long. The hills on each side seem to rise as we progress up the river, and are bald, having no timber on them. The hills are very broken, and timber is very scarce all the way up the Platte to the forks, after that a little more plentiful. We are now come, I suppose, to the road of which Mr. Burnett, spoke when he said "it is the best in the world."

TUESDAY, July 16.—A clear sunrise, hut soon became cloudy and looks like rain. It cleared off and we had a brisk wind, with a cool, pleasant day. Got along finely to-day. Thee hunters gone out to kill buffalo. I shot one to-day but did not get it. We are now camped near a small pond at the foot of the bluff, with no wood, except what we brought with us and "buffalo chips," which make a pretty good fire. The General, his son-in-law Grant, and his son-in-law Gage, with their families, are in this company. We have in all seventeen wagons and one carriage. The hunters, Captain Saunders and two others, came in late this afternoon, having killed two buffalo, and brought in as much meat as they could carry. This evening, a thunder gust passed us with a little rain, then cleared off, but did not stay clear till daylight.

WEDNESDAY, July 17.—Quite cloudy in the east, and cool. We are preparing for an early start and hope we will have a fine day for traveling. It has been cool and pleasant and we have made a good day's travel, and are now camped on the bank of the South Fork of the Platte. This has been a day of events. Wolves, antelopes, and buffalo were seen during the day. In the afternoon a herd of buffalo was seen in the forks, between the south and north branches. Hunters went over and gave them a start, which brought them over near where we were, when our boys, with guns, soon brought down three or four. The scene was so interesting that some of our women actually joined in the chase. This evening a thunder gust came over, but it did not rain much.

THURSDAY, July 18.—The night was windy, and this morning we have a brisk wind with clouds, and no dew. Quite cool. We are about to cross the river, and I hope we may have good luck. All got across safely. Some difficulty occurred in crossing the "Western." We missed the track and at one time was about to capsize. At another time we came near getting into a deep hole, which was a great scare to my family, but, thank the good Lord, whom we profess to serve, for the escape from danger once more. By two o'clock all were across, and we rolled off up the north side of the South Branch. This afternoon great herds of buffalo were continually in sight. A horseman, from Mr. Sublette's company, brought a long string of them by our wagons. Although several shots were fired from our rifles, none were killed that we got. I waded the river to help drive the wagon, and am sick this afternoon.

FRIDAY, July 19.—I was sick last night, but, thank God, I feel a little better this morning. The sun rose clear and beautiful, although it is somewhat cool. A buffalo is among the cattle this morning. Though the sun rose clear, it soon clouded again, and we had a fine cool forenoon for driving. Afternoon clear and warm, though not oppressive. The road runs directly up the South Fork of the Platte. The hills make in rather more closely than formerly, and the road is much more rolling than usual. Buffalo are seldom out of sight of the wagons. Mr. Sublette's company camped within sight of us the last two nights.

SATURDAY, July 20.—A beautiful, clear morning. Making ready for an early start. I am sick and don't know how I will get along, but hope I will soon get better. I had taken cold some days before we crossed the river, which I had to wade; this was too much for me. Last night we had an other Indian alarm. The horses got scared and rushed up to the camp. We have had several Indian alarms, but no Indians have been seen, we think, since the Iowas stole our cattle. We have had a fine day for the teams and made a moderate day's drive, and camped again on the banks of the South Fork of Platte near where we cross the divide, between the South and North branches of the Platte River. Nothing strange occurred through the day except the numerous herds of buffalo, on the south side of the South Fork. An attempt at description would appear in the character of a romance. This afternoon Captain Saunders came into camp with a severe attack of cramp cholera.

SUNDAY, July 21.—A fine, clear morning, though we had much thunder and some rain through the night. We are preparing to make an early start to cross the divide. My health is very poor. We were off early, drove hard

and camped on the plains. We could not reach the North Fork as our pilot missed the way. The divide is mostly a beautiful plain. Here on the plain we met with a herd of buffalo running. Our boys had several shots and killed one fine heifer. We were greatly disappointed when we had to camp on the open prairie and use pond water and "buffalo chips" instead of that good spring water and fine ash spoken of. Well, it might be worse.

MONDAY, July 22.—Last night passed away in peace and we have a fine, clear morning. My health is about the same. I think it will be warm to-day. A little before noon we reached the North Branch some distance above the ash grove. We had much sand and bad road to-day. We camped near the river.

TUESDAY, July 23.—Cool last night and uncommonly cool and cloudy this morning. My health is still very poor. Made an early start and camped early in the afternoon. Here is plenty of red cedar wood. It has been a warm day.

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—A cloudy morning. We remain in camp to-day to rest the cattle, wash clothes and doctor the sick. I am some better to-day.

THURSDAY, July 25.—The sun rose clear but was soon covered again with clouds and it looks like rain. My health is a little improved. Made an early start and a good day's drive and camped in the rain on the bank of the North Branch.

FRIDAY, July 26.—A clear morning. My health not much improved. Preparing to start early. Made a good day's drive without stopping at noon, which was hard on poor me. Camped near the "Chimney Mound." * We are now eighty miles from Fort Larimo. [Laumie.]

SATURDAY, July 27.—A clear morning. My health very poor, though I had a good night's rest. With an early start we made a fine drive and camped on the bank of the North Fork. Here I again attended to the taking of medicine. The seeds of the emetic herb threw me into what Thompson calls the "alarming symptoms," which finally went off and I had a fine sleep in the after part of the night.

SUNDAY, July 28.—A little cloudy this morning, but turned out clear and warmer than usual. Pretty hard on poor me with no water and no stop at

* [Chimney Rock, it is presumed.]

noon. About three o'clock we reached the best kind of spring running out of the bluff or sandy mountains some five miles from the river. My health is, I think, improving, for which I hope to render thanksgiving and praise to "God, my all in all, my portion forever."

MONDAY, July 29.—A clear, health-giving morning. Cattle very much scattered and I don't know if we will get off early or not. My health is gaining, but my head pains me badly yet. Made a fine day's drive and camped on the river again.

TUESDAY, July 30.—No record.

WEDNESDAY, July 31.—A fine, clear morning. My health is still poor. Made a fine drive, passed Fort Larimo one mile and camped.

THURSDAY, August 1.—A fine, clear morning. I am too unwell to write. We rested here one day. The Indians, men, women and children, visited our camp. They are the nicest looking and best behaved Indians we have seen. They had five splendid banners, four of which were waving all the time. They were richly dressed. They wanted presents of tobacco, powder, lead, etc. The men sat down and all smoked a little from the same pipe.

FRIDAY, Aug. 2.—Moved off again and camped about three o'clock near the "big spring." We passed the two other companies and Ford's company.

SATURDAY Aug. 3.—Cool and pleasant. Made part of a day's drive. Mrs. Gage, the General's daughter, had a frolic on the road. She did well and all were up in camp in good season. We had a hard thunder storm, but not much rain.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4.—A fine, clear morning. My health very bad. We drove hard to-day and could not reach the water till dark in the hardest kind of thunder gust. Finally the thunder passed off and the people had a chance to sleep some without supper.

MONDAY, Aug. 5.—A clear, warm morning. I find, I think, a small improvement in my health, for which I am thankful. It is now agreed to wait in camp to-day for Walker's party who wish to join us. The day passed in washing and hunting. Three deer were brought in this afternoon. All the companies are now up. I expect trouble before we get well separated again.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6.—A fine, clear morning, all wishing to be off early. My health is not much improved. I can hardly write. Made a fine day's drive over the roughest country imaginable, and camped late near a grove and the very best of water. This morning I took a course of medicine, which I pray the good Lord to bless in my behalf.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7.—A fine, clear morning. Made a good day's drive. Many buffalo were killed and most all lost. Camped near a fine grove of timber and the best of water. We are going to stop here to kill and cure buffalo meat, as it is thought we will get no more.

THURSDAY, Aug. 8.—A fine morning, though very windy. The hunters and packers are out after buffalo. My health is a little improved. Hunters came in quite late, bringing buffalo, venison, sheep and a little hen called "black rouse," [grouse] head shaped like the quail, body resembling our domestic fowl. It is decided to leave this camp to-morrow at twelve o'clock, having taken as much meat as is necessary.

FRIDAY, Aug. 9.—A fine, clear morning. The curing of the meat is being attended to. My health is poor, but I hope the good Lord may bless the means so that I may soon get out.

SATURDAY, Aug. 10.—A fine morning. Made a large day's drive and camped very late on the bluff of the river.

SUNDAY, Aug. 11.—A little cloudy and cool this morning. My health has undergone a little improvement and I am hoping that the good Lord will continue to bless the means until I get well, and I promise my life to his service. We rolled out and on till near eleven o'clock, when we stopped to stay until to-morrow. Hunters are out after the buffalo, so I suppose we will cure a little more meat. They have killed five buffalo and returned with some of the very best meat. This is the place where we nooned on Deer Creek, a pretty, little, clear stream.

MONDAY, Aug. 12.—A fine morning. I thank God that my health is still improving. Camp all in a bustle to be off ahead of Ford's company. To-day we crossed the North Fork of the Platte and left it immediately. It is quite small. We saw it no more. On last evening Mitchell Gilliam's provision wagon turned over and hurt "Pap" considerably. We made an early start and crossed the river without difficulty. After the bustle and success in getting away ahead, we were ordered to camp till to-morrow to cure the meat we have, and to give Walker a chance to kill more, as he has not

enough, it seems. It is now stated that the Captain will not wait after to-day. I don't know what the hunters may bring in, but hope they will get meat enough. As no meat was brought in we cured what we have.

TUESDAY, Aug. 13.—A beautiful morning. We remain in camp to kill more buffalo. The hunters and packers are about to be off. We are now in the midst of a buffalo range. After we leave this region it is said to be doubtful whether we will meet any more on the route. I forgot to note yesterday the birth of a fine son in Lieutenant Hoover's family. I believe the woman and child are doing well. I hear that they have had two deaths in Shaw's and Morrison's companies. Mrs. Seebern died Sunday, August 4th and Mrs. Frost last night, August 12th. A small quantity of meat was brought in.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14.—Rather cloudy. I thank God that my health is still improving. Got off early and made a good day's drive and camped about dark.

THURSDAY, Aug. 15.—Very cool wind. John Nichol's child Elizabeth died last night. She had lain long in the fever. Camp all in a bustle again to be off early. My health is a little improved. Made an early start and a long day's drive and camped on the Sweet Water River an hour after dark.

FRIDAY, Aug. 16.—A fine, clear morning. The country around is quite romantic, with rocks, mountains and plains, the sun with its native majesty beautifying the whole. O, my soul, read in nature nature's God. Soon after leaving camp passed "Independence Rock," one of singular appearance. Nooned on the creek "Sweet Water" at a place where it runs through a mountain one hundred feet high. This is called the "Devil's Gap" and seemed ten or twelve feet wide and one hundred feet or more deep. We passed Ford's company this afternoon waiting for the back companies, so we are before again. We made a good day's drive and camped in good season. Two of the Vinses fetched in three sheep. This is the most delicious meat we get.

SATURDAY, Aug. 17.—A fine morning, although quite cool. My health is still improving, for which I thank God. Elizabeth Ellen is sick, hope she will get better soon. Made a fine drive and camped again in season on the "Sweet Water."

SUNDAY, Aug. 18.—Morning fine, cool and some frost. My health is till improving. Elizabeth Ellen is not much better. We got an early start

and made a good day's drive through sand and shrubs. Several buffalo were killed to-day. These animals are seldom out of sight. The cows are very fat.

MONDAY, Aug. 19.—A fine morning after a night of much wind and some rain. Elizabeth Ellen is not much better. Got off early and had a hard day's drive on the cattle, as there was no watering place for eighteen miles. The sand very bad for several days. We camped in good season on the pleasant Sweet Water Creek. Grass middling good. Night very windy.

TUESDAY, Aug. 20.—A fine, clear morning, though very cool. The mountains are in sight with their snow-capped heads. My health still improving. Elizabeth Ellen is not much improved. We are nearly ready to start. They say about six miles will be our drive to-day. We made the drive and I think it proved to be ten miles. We are now camped on the bank of the Sweet Water Creek. The pilot says we will soon leave this delightful little stream and fall on the waters of Green River. We are going to stay here until to-morrow to rest the cattle and company. I believe Elizabeth Ellen is a little better. Col. Ford's company started first this morning and are camped on the creek below us. They say they do not desire to go before, but wish to avail themselves of the experience of our pilot, Mr. Walker. Glad they are friendly. Spent the evening very pleasantly.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21.—A fine, clear morning, though we had thunder, wind and a sprinkle of rain last night. It is agreed to stay in this camp until to-morrow to rest the cattle. Water and grass are both fine. The women are going to wash. It is the best chance we have had for a long time, wood and water are plenty and convenient. Wood has been very scarce for several days past, though we found enough for cooking purposes by using a few "buffalo chips," as they call them, meaning dried dung. They burn finely, make a hot fire and a good light. Col. Ford's company passed us this morning with the priests who left us some days ago. I understand that the hunting "union" is dissolved. Heretofore the meat killed was brought in and divided among the families. This was kind of the hunters to those who were not hunters, but after this the hunters kill for their own benefit. It is supposed we are about done with the buffalos. Well, we have had a fine run of them for four or five hundred miles.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22.—A clear morning, very cool, frost plenty and ice in the buckets. My health is now comfortable. Elizabeth is a little better. Thank the good Lord for his mercies. Made an early start and nooned at

the quaking asp grove. This is the first of this kind of timber that I have met with since I left Ohio, and it is the first grove of timber of any kind except willow, we have met with since we left the Platte, a distance of between one and two hundred miles. The road this forenoon is said to be the very worst we shall meet, with long, winding, steep hills, one after another, over rocks and loose stones, until eleven o'clock. The road then becomes more level and in the afternoon quite comfortable. We are camped again on a small branch of the Sweet Water. Grass plenty and willow brush for wood. Still remains cold with a brisk wind. Elizabeth says she is mending—glad of it.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23.—Frost and ice in buckets clear over. Health of family better this morning. Capt. Walker led us a new route in which we lost ground and had a new road to break through the brush. Although hard on the cattle, we made about twenty miles and camped in good season on a branch of Green River, a small tributary, though the water is fine and grass the very best we have met on the route, if not the best I ever saw. In places it is half way up the sides of the oxen. To-day we passed the highest ground on the route, summit of the Rocky Mountains, and immediately commenced going down hill toward the west, leaving the eastern waters forever and commenced the use of the western waters, which we shall use the balance of our time. Atlantic water forever gone and Pacific water to be our future drink. The road this afternoon has been fine all the time, a continual plain. The sun is about to set clear. Health of my family is, I think, a little improved. Gamaliel is unwell. We left the Sweet Water Creek to-day. This little creek is one of the most beautiful streams running over beds of gravel. It is the last eastern water.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24.—I am writing in "Oregon" this morning. A little cloudy and cool. Health of family a little improved. To-day, it is said, we shall see more of the mountains height. True, we saw the high peak on which the snow seems to lie continually. This afternoon, our Captain, Mitchell Gilliam, called us together and, with the other officers, resigned, leaving the company in a state of confusion, he offering as a reason that Captain Walker says there is no danger after this, so we need no guards, etc. Don't know how it will work.

SUNDAY, Aug. 25.—A clear morning and warm day. Our way has been generally down hill since we crossed the high ridge. To-day we have traveled about twelve miles and are camped for the afternoon on a small

creek, called Sandy Creek. Here we are trying to improve the health of my family. Elizabeth is getting better, but Jackson has taken a violent cold. It is clear, cold and windy this afternoon. It is supposed that the company will divide into small companies, and all camp near each other while Captain Walker stays with us as pilot.

MONDAY, Aug. 26.—Made an early start and drove long and hard, without nooning, though the cattle were tired and almost suffocated with dust, which is almost intolerable. The road to-day was over a plain, level and descending. We have had very little up hill for three days, but much down hill. We are now camped on the same branch that we camped on last night. To-day the company traveled in small groups and are camped in several places on the same stream.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27.—A beautiful, clear morning, a little cool, but not so cool as it was when we were higher up in the mountains, and I think as we descend it will get warmer. We made an early start and drove about twelve miles and nooned at different places, within, say three miles, on the Green River, one of the prettiest little rivers I ever saw. We had crossed the river before noon, then immediately we crossed again and went down the river three or four miles and are camped on the same beautiful Green River, which we shall have to cross in the morning again. We came to this side on account of grass being better on this side. The emigrants do not cross, but graze on the side they travel on. I observe that there is no grass except along the water courses, and, in many places, the emigrants have used it nearly all up. I notice that we as a company aimed to follow Capt. Walker, and coming to the fork of the road, Mr. Holly and I followed the mule tracks of the Roman Catholics and missed the road that Mr. Walker took, which all the rest followed. Mr. Walker said his road was three or four miles the nearest. Well, we drove slow and easy and they drove fast and we came out ahead. The people are getting tired of leaving the road to follow Captain Walker in new routes, and I think they will quit it. This afternoon looks like rain. My family are sick, Jackson, Marinda and Elizabeth Ellen. My health is better.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.—A little cloudy this morning. Made an early start and nooned at a quarter past one o'clock on a branch of the Green River. The main river we left this morning sixteen miles back. It has sprinkled rain so as to lay the dust. It is now cloudy and windy. After

dinner went about four miles and camped again on a branch of the Green River. We had a fine shower during the night.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—A fine, clear morning, the sun shining warm. We will have a day without dust, which has been intolerable for several days past. Health of family better except Jackson, who is sick, indeed. We are now about collecting the cattle again for a start. We made a good day's drive and camped on a small branch of Green River. To-day we were passed by a party of mountain traders. Flour and whiskey seemed to be the principle articles of trade. They ask *only* twenty-five cents per pound for flour. The price of whiskey I did not inquire. We were also passed by a company of Snake Indians. They had been buffalo hunting. The most of them had returned to the fort, leaving more than a hundred horses and mules and a few men and squaws. Some of the animals were laden with robes and meat. Here we met two young men from Oregon. One of them, a Mr. Smith, gave a very poor account of Oregon, but the character of the young man does not entitle him to much credit.

FRIDAY, Aug. 30.—A thunder gust passed us last night, but did not rain on us. We had a fine frost last night. We are now in sight of the mountains with snow on them, in consequence of which it is cold. I forgot to state that we and the Indians camped near each other, the stock all running together. The Indians behaved well and I heard no complaint of them. The health of my family is better, for which I am thankful to the great Giver of all good. We got an early start and drove till about half past three o'clock and camped near the Green River Fort, known as Bridger's Fort. The water and grass are fine. We expect to stay here to-morrow. Captain Walker kindly conducted us to the place of encampment and then returned to his own wigwam among his own Indians of the Snake nation. It is said he has several squaws, whether servants, concubines or wives, I know not. Mr. Walker has taken some pains to pilot this company from Fort Larimo to Fort Bridger. To-day Mr. Holly had to leave a good cow on account of lameness. This evening we had a thunder gust, high winds and rain. We are camped among the Indians. They behave well so far as I know.

SATURDAY, Aug. 31.—A clear morning with severe frost and even freezing. We are as expected, resting and trading. Most of the owners of lame cattle are trying to put them off, but are getting almost nothing for

them. Mitchell Gilliam got a coarse hat in trade for Sam, one of his oxen, which had become lame.

SUNDAY, September 1.—We stayed on this beautiful stream until this morning. Clear and frosty. Made a pretty good start and drove long and hard and finally camped again on a small creek with very high banks and plenty of water, though not clear. Plenty of coarse grass, half dry.

MONDAY, Sept. 2.—Last night was cool and this morning is clear and frosty. We have been in sight of the snow-capped mountains for some time past, which kept it cool and frosty. Mr. McGruder could not find one of his oxen this morning. We are not aiming to make a very early start, but are going to let the cattle feed. Neal Gilliam with ten wagons went ahead, and about noon Nealy turned to the left and went over a mile and camped on a small creek, with neither wood nor grass, saying that it was twenty-two miles to water and grass. Mitchell Gilliam and ten wagons kept the road and went ahead and in six miles found plenty of grass, wood and water. We followed and by two o'clock reached the place and camped on a small creek of good water and soon had our dinner. We have a fine, clear, pleasant afternoon; going to be cool this evening. A Mr. Robinson, who has been four times to Oregon, is now with us. He has given a good account of the country, which has relieved the minds of several of our company who had become dissatisfied through the lies of a young Smith, of notoriously bad character, who had just come from Oregon.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3.—A clear morning and quite cool. The cattle were all found and we were off by seven. Passed several good springs as we went up the little creek, which I believe to be the same one I mentioned on Monday, the 2nd, the creek with high banks, which I here name "Deep Creek," on account of its deep bed and high banks. We are now near the head of the branch and we start in the morning for the waters of Bear Creek. Our road to-day has been rough. McGruder's "slider" broke and yesterday Mitchell Gilliam's "hound" broke, hindering us in both cases. I feel doubtful about the wagons holding out to the end. Neal Gilliam and Col. Ford with companies are below us on the creek. I hear that Captains Shaw and Morrison with companies are about two day's drive behind us. While we were on this camping ground five wagons came up from Neal Gilliam's company and offered to join our company. They were not rejected. The Rev. Mr. Cave and his son-in-law, Mr. Hoover, with two wagons each, and Mr. Nelson with one wagon and a mule carriage, with their families, left

Mr. Nealy. It is supposed he and Mr. Ford will join companies. They are camped four or five miles below us on this pretty little branch, which is well supplied with grass for ten or fifteen miles, but, unfortunately, Nealy and Ford camped four to six miles below the grass on yesterday. To-day they drove until they thought they were at the head of the range, but are mistaken by six or more miles, for the grass continues on above us after the road leaves the creek.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—Froze hard last night. Very cold this morning. The cattle were four miles away this morning and detained us some. Made a fine day's drive and camped on the Bear River. The fore part of the day we had a good road up the valley of the little stream I call Deep Creek, but the grade gradually rose from one to seven or more degrees. Then we reached the summit of the mountain, highest, to appearance, that we have crossed. The ascent was more gradual than the descent. The road went winding down a hollow, exceeding rough for several miles, until we reached the valley of Bear River, when the road became better. My wagon stuck in the mud as we crossed a branch to-day. Mr. Ford's company reached our camp ground two hours after dark. Neal and his squad, consisting of his own and two sons-in-law families, did not come with Ford to camp.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—We start down the Bear River, a very pretty little stream near the Green River in size. Report says grass is plenty on this river as far as the road follows the valley. Started by eight o'clock and soon passed a large spring, nearly as large as the Big Spring east of the Alleghany Mountains, which I saw while driving in hog time. The road lies down the valley of this beautiful Bear River and is the very best we have traveled. We made a great day's drive and camped near the Indians on the river. There is much grass and plenty of willow brush for fuel. The Indians, so far, are very civil and want to trade. Ford and Neal Gilliam are camped near us.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6.—The night passed in peace. A little cool and cloudy, though the sun rose clear. Mitchell Gilliam swapped his mule for a black mare and recovered from the Indians a mare which they had stolen from young Holmes. He gave the Frenchman a heifer for helping him accomplish tbe recovery. We got away from camp about seven o'clock. We have had as good a road as is needed and crossed the river twice and a creek once. This is a mountainous part of the road. The mountains on every hand are high. We drove our own cattle to-day and, of course, did not have to go back after the loose cattle as I did yesterday. We are camped on the

north side of the Wolf River, a beautiful stream, not much inferior to the Green River in size and appearance. The day has been quite cool. This is a beautiful evening.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.—Cold last night, and clear and cold this morning. My family is in a comfortable state of health except Jackson, who is not much better. To-day we crossed the highest mountain we have encountered except the divide which separates eastern from western waters. We traveled hundreds of miles in ascending the divide, but the mountain we crossed to-day is six or eight miles across. The eastern side was not half so steep as the western. We are truly in the mountains, though we have abundance of valley and the best kind of road. The springs are uncommonly large and good. Game is scarce in these mountains.

SUNDAY Sept. 8.—A fine, clear morning; cool, but not so cold as yesterday morning. Health of the company is better except Mrs. McGruder (or McGander) who is quite low. Jackson reports himself better. Were on the road from half past seven to half past two o'clock and camped on a branch of the best kind of spring. We passed more spring branches to-day than I ever saw in the same length of road. They rush out of the foot of mountains over stones into the Bear River. Here an Indian and his squaw came to us and I traded for some antelope meat. The Indian speaks English and is quite intelligent. At sunset it is quite cloudy. A Mr. McMahan bought a horse from the Indian and paid for him, the animal to be delivered in the morning.

MONDAY, Sept. 9.—Traveled about twenty-five miles and reached the Soda Springs. These Soda Springs boil up in large places and are a curiosity, indeed. The Indian did not deliver the horse as agreed, so the pay was lost.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10.—Cold and clear this morning. We had Indians with us again last night. They sang and caroused nearly all night. Camped again on a small creek. Neal Gilliam says these are Columbia waters, but others say that they empty into the Bear River.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.—Clear and cold this morning. Neal and Mitchell Gilliam and Mr. Jacob Hoover, each with a few families and wagons, were all camped together, and all started as if going to make a day's drive. My friend, Mr. Holly, and myself led off, followed by Mitchell, Neal and Mr. Hoover. We went about three miles when Mitchell turned down, and Neal turned up a small spring branch, Mr. Hoover following us. This was carrying out what the Gilliams had arranged the afternoon previous, the

object being to get rid of us. So let it be. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Cave and Mr. Nelson and families, each with two wagons, passed Mr. Holly and I while we were nooning and soon camped on a small branch, where we joined them and camped. While writing Captain Ford with fifteen wagons passed us again. This is a fine afternoon. We camped last night near another camp of Indians. They always have something to trade. They were very civil.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12.—Mr. Holly and I rolled out ahead of Mr. Ford's company, Mr. Hoover's company being last to start. We camped again on a small creek made by the fine large springs which burst forth from the foot of the mountains. To-day we passed over the divide between the waters of Bear River and those of Lewis [Snake] River. We are now drinking not only western water, but the waters of Columbia or Lewis River. The western waters are better than the eastern waters, so far. How they will be when we get clear of the mountains we know not.

FRIDAY, Sept. 13.—A mild, clear morning. We are now nearly through the Rocky Mountains and expect to reach Fort Hall in a few hours to-day. We had a sand plain to cross, which made heavy dragging for the oxen for about six miles. We reached Fort Hall about three o'clock and made a short stop. We then rolled down a beautiful valley six or seven miles and camped on Lewis River. We are now looking toward Oregon City, although we are a great distance from it. Some say the distance is five hundred miles, but Lieutenant Fremont has returned it six hundred miles. Mr. Hoover and company are here with Mr. Holly and us. The two Gilliams and Captain Ford are behind us.

SATURDAY, Sept. 14.—The night was cold enough to freeze a little. Fine, clear morning. Started by seven o'clock and traveled fifteen miles and camped on the same beautiful Lewis River. We could have gone four or five miles further, but there is no grass for twenty-five miles. A hard day's drive for to-morrow. We have overtaken six wagons that left us some weeks past. We crossed Lewis River to-day eight or nine miles below Fort Hall. It is a small stream here, but soon gets to be twice as large. This valley is decidedly the best range for cattle that I have seen in the country. There is plenty of grass for great quantities of cattle, winter and summer. We passed the American Falls. We camped early on the same river on account of the distance to grass.

SUNDAY, Sept. 15.—Started before six o'clock on account of the distance to grass. Had some of the roughest road and crossed several very

bold running branches to-day. Camped on the river three miles below where Hoover and others camped.

MONDAY, Sept. 16.—A fine morning. All in middling health. Mr. Holly and I camped alone for the first time last night. We started first and kept ahead during the day, which proved to be a hard one. We crossed the Rocky Plains and climbed the bluff at eleven o'clock. Traveled till eight o'clock and camped near bad water and high grass and bushes.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17.—Passed the night in peace. A fine morning. Started at a quarter past eight o'clock in the lead again. Nooned on a small branch. Mr. Hoover, Nelson and Welch in company. Mr. Welch, Mr. Holly and I drove on. Mr. Hoover and company remaining at the nooning place. Mr. Welch found a camping place on the bank of the river, fuel in abundance, and grass enough for a vast number of cattle. The bachelors stayed at the camp of bad water to-day to rest their cattle. This is a very pleasant afternoon when not in the dust of the road.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18.—Started at a quarter past six and nooned on the river. Had a hard afternoon's drive, camping after dark. Found water in holes in the bed of the branch, which had become nearly dry.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19.—A fine morning. We think we are now a hundred miles below Fort Hall. A good drive for five days. Camped in good season on a branch, Mr. Hoover a little below.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20.—A cool morning. Mr. Saunders came up last night and let us hear from the camps behind us. Our camp to-night is in a deep cove, rocks on both sides and a branch in the middle.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21.—A cold morning. Having a long drive before us we started at six o'clock and drove until seven, at night, the longest day's drive we have had. We camped on a spring branch near the river. We had considerable good road through the day, but in the evening we had a heavy bed of sand to drag through. We made out to reach camp and suppose we have traveled thirty miles to-day.

SUNDAY, Sept. 22.—Cool and clear. We expect to reach Salmon Falls to-day. Drove eight or ten miles and camped on the same Snake or Lewis River. Our drive to-day has been down the river. To-day as little Rebecca was trying to get on or off the wagon, she

slipped and fell, the wagon wheel rolling over and breaking her thigh. A sad accident for her and us all. Glad, however, that it is no worse. Jackson is well, but weak yet. We did not reach the Falls as expected. The Indians are camped along the river fishing.

MONDAY, Sept. 23.—Started at seven o'clock and traveled till twelve o'clock at night, without water or grass for the cattle, camping on the river. The road to-day was hilly above any other day, though we had some good road.

TUESDAY Sept. 24.—We crossed the river safely after noon to-day and camped on a fine bed of grass within sight of the ford. The river is rapid and the water middling low. The bottom is gravel of the prettiest kind and the water is clear. In consequence of two islands, side by side, we had to cross three streams. Our cattle are now doing well. To-morrow, it is said, we have to drive twelve miles. Last night the bachelors lay out on the prairie without water or grass. This is the second time they have done so. Better reach camp late, as we did, than do so.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.—A fine, clear morning, but cold for the season. Last night the folks apprehended trouble with the Indians, but I believe they had no evil intentions. We had an early start and camped at the branch where the old wagon was.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26.—Started at seven o'clock and nooned on the branch of the Hot or Boiling Spring. This spring is one of the curiosities of nature. The water boils out of the ground in five or more places boiling hot and makes a branch large enough to run an overshot mill. Camped on a small branch four miles west of the Hot Spring.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27.—Had a very stony road. Camped again on a small branch of pretty running water.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28.—A fine, clear morning. Started early and nooned on a dry branch. Plenty of grass but no water. Our travel for the last two days has been along and around a mountain. The road, exceedingly rough and rocky at first, became gravelly and smoother, but very hilly. We traveled about twelve hours and camped on a branch, water in holes only and not much grass for cattle. We expected to reach the river to-day, but did not.

SUNDAY, Sept. 29.—A little cloudy this morning. A fine daughter was born last night into Mr. Hawley's family. On account of the long drive and scarcity of grass we started late. Made a long drive and camped on a slough not far from a large and beautiful creek. Indians supplied us with fish on good terms, and behaved themselves civilly.

MONDAY, Sept. 30.—Left camp and drove down on the bluff of the creek to the camp of the foremost company. This place has more timber than we have seen for two hundred miles. There is a grove of balm trees. Camped on the creek.

TUESDAY, October 1.—Started at seven o'clock. Camped again on the bank of the big creek called Boysy [Boise] River. The Fort is of the same name. The Roman priest, with several French Indians, camped in sight of us, below.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2.—We are buying fish of the Indians. The price is a load of ammunition for a fish. Started at a quarter past six o'clock, nooned about twelve and camped again on the river about five o'clock. This is a fine afternoon, though very smoky. The grass is somewhat dry, though fine for the season. To-morrow we expect to cross Lewis River. We have laid in a supply of fish.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.—Cool this morning. The Indians are offering more fish than we want, as all are supplied Started at seven o'clock and arrived at Fort Boisey about one o'clock. This fort is situated on the Lewis or Snake River about three hundred miles from Fort Hall. We are three weeks on the road from Fort Hall to Fort Boisey. The fort was named for the small, but very beautiful, river which we came down, having traveled about four days along its banks. We crossed to the south side of Snake River and camped about three o'clocck. In crossing we tied the oxen to the stern of each wagon in front, at the same time a chain from the hind part of each wagon was made fast to the yoke of oxen in the rear. I thank God for the mercies that have attended us through all our difficulties.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4.—This is a fine morning. Drove over a ridge, crossed a large creek and camped before sundown, having gone about sixteen miles.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5.—Cold this morning. We have a long drive before us to-day. Drove about twenty-four miles and camped after dark on a small branch with water in holes only.

SUNDAY, Oct. 5.—The sun shines clear this morning. Last night it rained a little and the wind blew down our tent. Drove about ten or twelve miles and camped on a small creek called Burnt Creek. We passed a beautiful little river to-day called Burnt River. The road hilly, stony and rough. We are now about fifty miles from Fort Boisey, on the south side of Snake River. A few more days of patience and diligence will land us at the place of our desire.

MONDAY, Oct. 7.—We are within ten or twelve days drive of Walley Walley, [Walla Walla.] After a hard day's drive over hills and rocks we think it the roughest and hardest part of our journey. Camped again on the same Burnt Creek. We passed several small groves of young balm and quaking asp with a little birch. We had more wood than usual.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8.—Mr. Welch camped a mile above us on the creek. Our road was even worse than yesterday and we ascended the steepest hill I ever saw teams cross. We had to double teams, and hard work at that. We crossed the creek a great many times and finally took a north fork and followed it out to the head, crossed a low gap in the ridge and struck a leading hollow and soon found grass and water. Camped on a spring branch. Ten or twelve days are said to be sufficient to take us to Walley Walley, but our oxen are getting very weak and many have already given out. Pleasant this afternoon except a little too much wind and smoke.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9.—All well except Rebecca, who is doing as well as can be reasonably expected, this being the eighteenth day since her thigh was broken. She complains not much except of pain occasioned by the jolting of the wagon over rocks and rough places. Started at seven o'clock and camped again at ten o'clock on a small branch of the Burnt Creek. Mr. Walker thinks it would not be safe to go further for fear of failing to find water and grass. The hills are not quite so high as those we have had for two or three days past.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10.—A cloudy morning. Started as yesterday at seven and camped again on a small branch of the same Burnt Creek.

Three hours yesterday and the same to-day is slow traveling, but it must be so as we must have respect to grass and water. This afternoon three packers camped above us who gave an account of the companies who are behind us; the Gilliams and others. Some of them are very much behind. Cool and cloudy this afternoon.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11.—Started early and crossed an almost impassable muddy hollow, which, by double teams and hard work we got through. After a long drive camped on a branch with water in holes only. Grass scarce Here we met Captain Waters just from Oregon City. He came out to meet his family. His account of the Oregon country is most cheering.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12 —It is exceeding cold this morning and frosty. Made a good day's drive and camped near a branch that did not run.

SUNDAY, Oct. 13.—Cold and frosty, though not so much so as yesterday. Yesterday we passed a small river called Powder River and a creek called Deep Creek. Started early and made a good day's drive and camped early. The road to-day was exceedingly good in the morning, but in the afternoon uncommonly rough and sidling. The name of the place where we are camped is Grand Round. Why it is so called I do not know. After we were camped, Joseph Caples and children and another man came up to camp.

MONDAY, Oct. 14 —The morning is fine, not so cold as yesterday. We are now within six miles of the Blue Mountains and ready to start again. Took the wrong road and lost a mile or two before getting back again. Our company divided on the side of the Blue Mountains. Mr. Hawley and I stopped and camped on the side of the mountains among the pines. Turned the cattle back again to the bottom. The reason of the separation was a difference of opinion. We believed we could not get to the next camp and so we stopped while they went on. We will see who was in the wrong. Mr. Welch led out with his cattle and took the wrong road.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15.—We have a pleasant morning, not cold as it has been for some days past. We are a long way, but not half way up the hill. Started early and had a stony road part of the way, and part very fine. The Grand Round River hill was bad to go down. Nooned at the river and went up the other side, as bad or worse than

the hill up the mountain. We are camped on the top of the river hill about one mile from the Grand Round River, in company with the other wagons that left us last evening. The kindness of Mr. Welch who assisted us up the hill was an advantage to us.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 15.—Started early for the head of the Grand Round River and drove hard over the worst road yet, hills and rocks awful. We camped along with Mr. Cave on the hill without water for the cattle. A little snow fell to-day on the high divide.

THURSDAY, Oct 17.—All together again at the head of the Grand Round river and are starting at twelve o'clock for the Utilla [Umatilla] River. Drove about five miles and camped at the head of a spring on the hill. Here we had to double teams again. The road was better to-day, though bad yet. The evening not so cold as last evening.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18.—A clear morning. Hope we will get out of this mountain to-day. We got out of the mountain and camped on the Utilla (Umatilla) River. The last twenty miles of the Blue Mountains was pretty good for mountain roads. A very long hill to come down off the mountain. Here at this camp we met many Indians and horses without number. The Indians are of the Kiucy [Cayuse] nation. Here we got potatoes, pumpkins and horses. I gave "Buck and Ball" for a large bay horse.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19.—Cloudy this morning. Late in the afternoon it rained. We are camped again on the Utilla about six miles down. Here the packers who were sent after flour to Dr. Whitman's, met, or rather, overtook us with flour and meal.

SUNDAY, Oct. 20.—The rain continued moderately through the night and it is cloudy and rainy this morning. This company is going to separate this morning The families who go on toward The Dalles are: Hoover, Welch and Nelson. Parrish, Cave and Hawley are going to Dr. Whitman's to winter and try it again in the spring. We are twenty miles down the river and have to go back again to the forks of the road twenty miles up the river. This I hate. If the packers who went after flour had returned and met us at the forks of the road it would have saved us forty miles travel. We drove back and camped in the narrows between the bluff and the Utilla River.

MONDAY, Oct. 21.—The rain ceased during the night and this morning it is cloudy. Glad we escaped the Blue Mountains as they are white with snow. Crossed the Utilla River about twelve o'clock and camped on the open prairie with neither wood nor water except what we had in the wagons.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22.—We had a storm of wind and rain last night. All in good health except Rev. Mr. Cave's son William. Having a little wood and water left, we got breakfast. Drove on and camped where we have grass, wood and water. Our cattle are almost overdone and Mr. Hawley has gone to the Doctor's to engage houses and accommodations for himself, Mr. Cave and I. He is expected to return this evening. Here is the best of bottom land and good grass. Nearly three hundred head of fine horses, best kind of stock, are grazing here. I never saw such a lot of horses. They are owned by the Indians and I suppose there are thousands of them. These Indians are getting cattle in abundance, of the finest kind of stock and will soon be rich. They have small lots of land fenced and raise corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., on a small scale. They live in small wigwams, or lodges as they call them, but have no houses except a meeting house or "missionary house," as they call it. This is a fine growing country, though a little too near the Blue Mountains.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23.—This morning we saw some packers from the back companies. They say the snow is nearly knee deep and they are camped there. Most deplorable, indeed. We made a fine escape, for which we thank God. Mr. Hawley did not return as expected last night, so we drove on and soon met him. We drove hard and reached the Doctor's at night. Mr. Cave and Mr. Hawley got a room together and I remained in tent.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24.—Mr. Cave had another son added to his family to-day. I still remain in tent.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25.—Worked for the Doctor to-day at corn.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26.—Worked at corn two-thirds of to-day.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27.—Moved into the house last evening. More moderate this morning than it has been for some days. We have had the privilege of attending divine service. The Indians' meeting was at eleven o'clock and was interesting to me. The Indians sing well, carrying the parts of music. The Doctor addressed them, reading a discourse which an Indian rehearsed after him. An Indian started the tune, another prayed and all was interest-

ing to me at least. In the afternoon at two o'clock we were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Cave from the epistle to the Ephesians, first chapter. A good discourse, which Dr. Whitman followed with a suitable train of remarks. A social prayer meeting in the evening was well attended and profitable to us all.

MONDAY, Oct. 28.—Spent the day in looking after cattle, etc.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29.—We killed a beef for the Doctor.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30.—Spent the day in looking after cattle. It rained considerably to-day.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31.—To-day spent in trying to trade cattle with the Indians and in loading the wagons and preparing for a start to-morrow.

FRIDAY, November 1.—A fine, clear morning, frosty and freezing. Began early to collect the cattle and, near twelve o'clock, started and traveled three miles and camped for the night to wait for the back wagons and cattle. Mr. Wilson at the Doctor's and Mr. Hawley and Gamaliel have gone back to help Mr. Gillet hunt his cattle. The cattle of Mr. Gillet were found by Mr. Hawley and Gamaliel and we are all ready for an early start in the morning.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2.—Started early, drove fifteen miles and camped on the Walla Walla River.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3.—In crossing the river this morning my wagon hound broke. Spent an hour and a half mending it, then drove two miles and stopped to let the cattle feed. While we travel we think of those who are engaged in Divine worship, whom we left behind. May it be a good day to them. We passed the Fort Walla Walla about four o'clock. Rolled over hills and between hills and camped on the great Columbia River three miles below the fort.

MONDAY, Nov. 4.—A fine morning. All in good health. Drove down the river and came to an uncommonly bad sand hill. We put twelve yoke of oxen to one wagon, and so on until all were up, then camped on the hill. Fine grass here, so we brought the water from the river.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5.—Soon came again to the Columbia River and found Mr. Jenkins camped awaiting us. We drove on together and camped again on the Utilla (Umatilla) River near the mouth or junction with the Columbia River. Not much good feed here for cattle.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6.—Drove on again and found pretty good feed and are now stopped for noon. The Indians were thick around us last night, and more this morning. They are here again at noon. We camped this evening on the river, many Indians in attendance. Captain Morrison, Mrs. McDaniels and E. McGruder came to our camp and camped with us.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7.—Cloudy this morning, having rained a little last night. Cool this morning. Cleared off and had a fine, clear day, rather warm. Made a good day's drive and camped on the river. Rained a shower and cleared off, then had a white frost.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8.—Had a fine, clear day. After a good day's drive camped again on the river. Indians swarm around again to trade. Some have salmon skins, rabbits and one a mink. Yesterday one had a weasel. An iron spoon, an old pair of scissors, a pen knife, butcher knife, a sausage cutter and a roundabout were included in their stock in trade, which they had bought of the companies before. The road down the river is generally sandy, though some of it is solid. No timber of any kind. Small willows and cow chips are the chief fuel we have to burn. Indians last night stole three horses, one from Jenkins, one from Gamaliel and one from me.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9.—The cattle are scattered. The morning is cloudy, damp and cool. It rained last night a light shower. The cattle were found and we made a short day's drive through much sand and camped at a branch at the foot of a hill. The Indians seem shy since they stole our horses.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10.—The night is passed and another Christian Sabbath is afforded to the church. O, that we had an opportunity to improve it in a Christian-like manner! This we hope will be our privilege in a short time. Made a good drive until one o'clock when we camped on the hill a mile from water at the river. Had to drive the cattle to river for water. Here Captain Morrison came up with flour. Two Indians are camped with us to-night.

MONDAY, Nov. 11.—A cool, cloudy morning. Looks like snow. Hope it will be stayed a little longer until we poor emigrants get through. It did not snow. Rolled out and camped on the river hill again. The Indians are thick around. They stole three whips and drove off Wilson's cow, which he got again by giving them some clothes.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12.—Came to a long, steep hill, doubled teams, got up and drove two and a half miles to John Day's River and camped.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13.—The Indians stole Captain Morrison's mare last night. Rained last night and yesterday and night before last, though

moderately. No hard rains have fallen yet. Camped in a hollow on the prairie.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14.—Rained in the forenoon; clear afternoon. Came to the Chute [Deschutes] River, crossed and camped on the hill near the Indian village. More Indians here than at any other place on this side the mountains.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15.—A cool morning. Anxious to get through. Had some steep hills. Camped on a branch near another Indian village. Here we found wood abundant. Indians plenty, though civil.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16.—Started early and camped again below The Dalles near the boat landing. Here we find several emigrants, among them Col. Ford and Mr. Garish, awaiting the return of the boats. The last two days' travel was over exceedingly hilly, though not sandy, roads.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17.—We got through yesterday and are resting, man and beast, a thing much to be desired. The Rev. Mr. Waller came out from the station and preached to us in camp at twelve o'clock and at two o'clock preached to Mr. Ford's company on the beach of the river.

MONDAY, Nov. 18.—The beef, which some of our party killed last night, was distributed and the boat was soon off again for the Falls. Preparations were made for starting the cattle to-morrow.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19.—The cattle were started and the day passed without much being done, as there was no wheat to be had until it was threshed. Consequently we had to wait until evening before we could grind, which is done on a cast hand mill, and poorly done at that.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20.—A cloudy, dull day. Commenced the grinding again this morning. Mr. C. D. Hawley butchered a beef. Captain Shaw's company came up to-day and camped on the branch above the Mission. I hope the emigrants will soon all be in. I am just reminded that this is my fifty-third birthday. We are waiting for the boats to carry us down the river.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21.—A rainy day.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22.—We have been waiting for the boat which should have been here yesterday. Hope we shall soon see it and the other also. Late this evening the boat called *Lady of the Lake*, Captain Smith, commander, returned. They were wet and cold, having rowed all day through snow and rain. This is a day of much snow for this country, so say the people.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23.—Rained moderately. Started down the river at seven o'clock, Mr. C. B. Hawley, Widow McDaniel, my family and others on board. Wind fair, so we sailed down lively and landed at two o'clock in Swan Harbor.

SUNDAY, Nov. 24.—Sailed early and by ten o'clock we landed at the Cascade Falls. We learned immediately of the arrival of a boat from below and made arrangements to have our goods transported around the portage to the foot of the riffle or so low that a canoe came and carried them to the boat.

MONDAY, Nov. 25.—This morning commenced operations and by evening had all of our goods at the boat landing by the aid of four Indians whom we hired.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26.—We loaded a boat which arrived yesterday and sailed in the afternoon. Landed five miles below the Cascade Falls and camped for the night.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27.—Rowed off for the lower country and are nooning on the beach to cook and wait for the wind to go down. It has been raining a great part of the time since Monday afternoon. The wind ceased to blow, so that we rowed out again and passed through and around Cape Horn with a gentle breeze down stream. All went well and we landed at the Willow Harbor five miles below Cape Horn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28.—Had a stormy night, with much rain and high wind. Night passed without much harm to us. Rain continued until afternoon, when it became more pleasant. Made a good day's travel by boat and camped between two mills above the fort. No rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29.—No rain last night. Made an early start and landed at Vancouver about sunrise. Here we laid in provisions, flour, salmon, etc. This Vancouver is on the north side of the Columbia River. We breakfasted here and started for Linton before eleven o'clock. Had on board five families, viz.: Capt. Ford, C. B Hawley, Mr. Embry, Mr. Packwood, E. E. Parrish and some passengers, viz.: Mr. Cox, Mr. Saxton, etc. This is a fine day, clear and cloudy by turns. We are now rowing up the "Wallamette." This is a pretty river about three-fourths of a mile wide. Linton is situated on the south side—but, ah, stop a little, is this the Wallamette River? No, no, what then? Ah, it is a slough around an island and we have been rowing up the Columbia River again. So we rowed up stream and back again, then, like the captain who marched his men up a hill and down again and then

commanded "as you were," we got back, some time in the night, to the Wallamette and camped. Instead of being at the landing at Linton we were three or four miles down. All this unnecessary labor was caused by the man at the steering oar, Mr. Cox, who had been twenty times past this way. Well, we camped.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30.—Made an early start and are now rowing up the Wallamette River. No rain yesterday. Last night was clear, moon and stars shining. Hope this weather may continue. Soon clouded and rained on us before we reached Linton. Landed at Linton this afternoon.

SUNDAY, December 1.—Rainy. This Lord's day spent in unloading the boat and securing our goods.

MONDAY, Dec. 2.—Still rainy. Spent the day in mending boots, drying clothes and the like.

TUESDAY, Dec. 3.—Rained last night. Mending shoes, etc., to-day.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6.—We remained at Linton until this afternoon, when we left for Oregon City.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10.—Landed at the City in the afternoon and were kindly invited to occupy a room in the basement story of a large building. The room was occupied by Mr. Mudget and two other young men. We accepted the kind offer and soon were all comfortably situated around a stove fire.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11.—A rainy day. How thankful we feel that we have made our escape, and how glad that we have a shelter from the storm. We have not yet rented a house, but have a prospect of getting suited to-day. To-day we got the children into school and then rented of Mr. Newel the room which we first stopped in at a rental of $4.50 per month. We remained in Mr. Newel's room until February 27, 1845, when we moved into the house of J. R. Robb, where we remained until Monday, March 10th, when we shipped on board Mr. Ford's boat and made the portage the same afternoon and, on the morrow, set out for the upper country and landed on the afternoon of Saturday, March 15th at the "Institute Farm." Went into the house of Mr. Judson. This we call the end of our travels to Oregon.

SATURDAY, March 15.—Here I record my thanksgiving to God whose all sustaining power and grace has been so signally manifested in our preservation during the whole of the way from Ohio to this place. I can use the language of the Psalmist and say, "Praise the Lord for he is good." Amen.

FRIDAY, July 11.—We remained in the Judson house until the 11th of July, when we moved on our own place and lived in camp until October

11th, when we moved into our own new house in the Mt. Pleasant valley. After camping three months in this camp I had a short but very severe spell of fever and chills, but, thank God, my health is again restored so that I am able to attend labor, and I now finish my traveling diary, having been two two years and one day since we left the Hoskinsville school house.

E. E. PARRISH, Sr.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10, 1863.—This little book I made on the way from Hoskinsville, Morgan county, Ohio, to the "Gap" farm which I made in this Oregon. I have lived on this place longer than on any place since I left the farm on which I was raised in West Virginia, Monongahela county. It was my intention to have copied this in another style, but other cares have prevented, and now, at this late date, I cannot if I would, nineteen years having rolled away and memory failed. The additions I intended are lost, particularly in reference to the Soda Springs, Hot Springs, buffalo and other animals which we saw roaming over the immense plains. The many difficulties which we had to encounter in the shape of towering mountains, wide rivers, failing teams, sickness and deaths, marriages and births, all, when taken to-gether would have made a volume of interest of no small moment, furnishing reading for those who might come after. But, now, these scraps are all that we leave as a monument of our early adventures in wending our weary way to this far-off land. Then it was the land of roving Indians, bears, wolves, and the like, with settlements of white men small, few and far between. Now the country is settled up, the territory is a state, the old settlers are dying off, and new ones are taking their places. The resources of the country are being fast developed. Its richness in the shape of mines of gold, silver, iron, etc., are adding largely to its wealth and loveliness. Here we repeat our one thousand and one times exclamation, "O, lovely Oregon"! The earth has received for safe keeping, for a short time, a beloved daughter, a loved old sainted sister-in-law and a promising grandson. We have abundant cause for thanksgiving to God, that so many of us have lived so long in this clime, and so few have died during these nineteen long years, while so many have been born and are being fitted to take their places upon this stage of human action and pass away as we shall do ere long. Now, to close, we do ardently pray to God that those of posterity who are coming after may be more virtuous, religious and useful in this world than we have been. How many who read, will say "Amen."

E. E. PARRISH, Sr.

The names in Mr. Parrish's Diary are indexed as follows, so that they may be conveniently referred to if occasion requires:

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Walker, Mr., 98, 99, 102, 103, 104, 112, 117.

* Discoverer of gold in California.

"THE 'GOOD OLD DOCTOR,' DOCTOR JOHN McLOUGHLIN."

THE FRIEND OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

Presentation of His Portrait to the State by the Oregon Pioneer Association.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO PRELIMINARIES.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN MINTO.

RESPONSE BY GOVERNOR SYLVESTER PENNOYER.

The history of this important event in the transactions of the Association is briefly given as follows: The first movement in the direction of publicly recognizing the great service rendered by Dr. John McLoughlin to the early settlers of this State, was at a meeting of the Board of Directors held in Salem, January 18-19, 1887. At that time a resolution was passed memorializing the Legislature, then in session, to appropriate funds sufficient to erect a monument to his memory, and have it placed in the State House.

On February 18th, at a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements for the Reunion of 1887, which committee was appointed by the Board of Directors at the meeting above referred to, the matter of procuring a monument was not deemed practicable. Then discussion was had as to the feasibility of procuring an oil painting. This resulted in

the appointment by the committee of Hon. D. P. Thompson as a sub-committee of one to consult with Mr. William Coggswell, an excellent artist, then present in the State, and ascertain the cost of a life-size oil painting.

At a meeting of the Committee held on April 6th, Mr. Thompson reported that, after consultation with Mr. Coggswell, the latter had agreed to paint a three-quarter life-size portrait for the sum of $600, including a heavy gilt frame; whereupon he had been ordered to proceed with the work and have the portrait ready for exhibition at the Reunion on June 15th. The action of Mr. Thompson was unanimously approved. The painting was finished according to contract and was placed on exhibition at one of the Portland art stores. Here it was viewed by thousands, and the public press gave frequent notices of the virtues and many kind acts of the noble-hearted man whom it was sought to honor.

In this connection, great pleasure is taken in mentioning the names of the gentlemen through whose liberality the Association become the possessor of the portrait herein referred to; and furthermore to publicly thank the Finance Committee, Messrs. Frank Dekum and Chas. H. Dodd, for their successful efforts in securing such a liberal subscription.

The following is the subscription list:

W. S. Ladd	$200 00	Cash	$ 10 00
C. H. Lewis	25 00	Smith Bros. & Co	40 00
Geo. H. Flanders	10 00	James Terwilliger	10 00
Frank Dekum	25 00	J. Loewenberg	5 00
Portland Savings Bank	25 00	Fred Bickel	5 00

Charles Duhrkoop	$10 00	Geo. Pope & Co	$ 5 00
D. P. Thompson	50 00	M. Koshland	5 00
O. & C. R. R.	50 00	Henry Hewett & Co.	5 00
R. Koehler	10 00	Marx & Jorgensen	5 00
J. McCraken	15 00	H. P. Gregory & Co.	5 00
C. H. Prescott	10 00	Esberg, Bachman & Co	5 00
W. C. Noon & Co	10 00	M. Seller & Co	5 00
C. Cæsar & Co	10 00	Rosina Wiegand	5 00
Parke & Lacy	10 00	D. Monnastes	5 00
Zan Brothers	10 00	J. W. Cook	10 00
Mason, Ehrman & Co	10 00	Mooney, Valentine & Co	5 00
Henry Failing	50 00	Jacobs Bros. & Co.	5 00
H. W. Corbett	50 00	Hecht Bro. & Co.	5 00
T. A. Davis	10 00	Chas. Hegele	5 00
C. W. Knowles	25 00	Corbett, Failing & Co.	20 00
S. Lipman & Co	20 00	H. W. Monnastes	5 00
A. N. King	25 00	W. F. Burrell	5 00
Thomas Richardson	5 00	S. D. Smith	5 00
H. Weinhard	10 00	John Donnerberg	5 00
L. & I. White	10 00	J. B. David	5 00
Knapp, Burrell & Co	25 00	Walter Bros	10 00
Akin, Selling & Co.	10 00	Oregon Furniture Mfg. Co.	10 00
Fleischner, Mayer & Co	25 00	A. P. DeLin & Co	2 50
Corbitt & Macleay	25 00	J. A. Strowbridge	5 00
Wadhams & Elliott	10 00	J. C. Bayer	5 00
Chas. Kohn & Co	5 00	R. Knoll	2 00
Kelly, Dunne & Co.	5 00	D. Mackay	2 50
Frank Bros. Implement Co.	10 00	D. Goodsell	2 50
Chas. H. Dodd & Co	10 00	Lang & Co	2 50
Thos. Guinean	5 00	Parrish & Cornell	2 50
C. E. Smith	10 00	Cash	2 50
Geo. H. Williams	10 00	J. Knott	2 00
		Total	$1,074 00

After paying for picture and frame a balance of $474.00 remained, of which $322.65 was disbursed by the Committee of Arrangements for necessary Reunion expenses, leaving $151.35 for use of the Committee in 1888.

On Wednesday, June 15, 1887, Col. John McCraken, who was selected by the Committee to deliver the address of welcome to the Pioneers, among other things, referred to the painting, and at the same time introduced Judge Matthew P. Deady, who in the most fitting and well chosen language presented the picture to the Association, on behalf of the citizens of Portland, with the understanding that it should be presented to the State at some appropriate time. After the Reunion exercises were over the Secretary of the Association took charge of the painting, and through the courtesy of Mr. Koehler, of the Oregon and California Railroad, it was conveyed to Salem without cost, and placed in custody of Hon. George W. McBride, Secretary of State, for the Association, until the time for its formal presentation to the State should be decided upon.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Association held in Portland, October 18th, 1888, for the purpose of arranging plans for the Reunion of 1889, Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, a pioneer of 1844, was chosen to present Dr. McLoughlin's portrait to the State at some convenient time during the session of the Legislature in January. 1889, and he was duly notified, as follows :

OFFICE OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
PORTLAND, OREGON, Jan. 19, 1889.

HON. JOHN MINTO, *Salem, Oregon,*

Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association held in Ladd and Tilton's Bank Parlors in this city, Thursday, Oct. 18, 1888, you were unanimously selected, as the most fitting person, to present the oil painting of the "good old Doctor," Dr. John McLoughlin, to the State at such time, during the session of the Legislature, which convened Jan. 14, 1889, as may be mutually

arranged by the presiding officers thereof, to whom communications have been addressed relating to the subject herein referred to.

Fraternally Yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

The following letter was addressed to the presiding officer of the Senate, also one of similar purport was sent to Hon. E. L. Smith, Speaker of the House of Representatives :

OFFICE OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
PORTLAND, OREGON, Jan. 19, 1889.

HON. JOSEPH SIMON, *President of the Senate, Salem, Oregon*:

Dear Sir: At the Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, held in this city in 1887, the citizens of Portland presented a fine oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin to the Association. (For particulars, see pamphlet herewith sent, entitled "Transactions for 1886 and 1887.") In view of the extreme kindness and generosity of the "good old Doctor" to the early settlers of Oregon, many of whom still live to bear grateful witness, the Association has deemed it fitting to present this painting to the State so that it may find a permanent place in its Legislative halls, and be a constant reminder to the present and coming generations of the noble-hearted man who, if not an American, was, more than any other person, a benefactor to the early pioneers of Oregon.

With this end in view, the Board of Directors—Joseph Watt, President, Amity ; W. S. Ladd, Vice President, Portland ; Geo. H. Himes, Secretary, Portland ; John M. Bacon, Treasurer, Oregon City ; F. X. Matthieu, Marion county ; Wm. Elliott, Clackamas county ; Wm. Savage, Polk county—at a meeting duly called on October 18th, 1888, appointed Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, to formally present the painting to the State at such time as may be deemed wise by yourself or the Legislative body over whom you preside. A letter of like tenor with this, of even date, has been addressed to Hon. E. L. Smith, Speaker of the House ; also, Mr. Minto has been advised of his appointment. As it is impossible for me to be present at Salem during the session of the Legislature, I have deputized Hon. George W. McBride, Secretary of State, to act for me in all needed ways in the premises, who, with Mr. Minto,

will consult with you and Mr. Smith as to the most appropriate time for the presentation.

With respect, I remain, very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

A letter was addressed to Hon. George W. McBride as follows:

OFFICE OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
PORTLAND, OREGON, Jan. 19, 1889.

HON. GEORGE W. MCBRIDE, *Secretary of State, Salem, Oregon,*

Dear Sir: Owing to inability on my part to be present in Salem during the present session of the Legislature, I hereby authorize you to act as my deputy in all matters pertaining to the formal presentation of the oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin, now in your custody, to the State. To Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, has been entrusted the duty of making the presentation address, and the presiding officers of both houses have been notified of the desire of the Association in the premises. I presume it will be best for all four of you gentlemen to consult as to when will be the most appropriate time for the presentation.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Accordingly, by resolution, a joint session of the Legislature was held on Wednesday evening, February 6th, and the portrait was formally presented to the State and permanently placed in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of the pioneers and their friends who occupied every inch of space available in the large hall. The occasion was historic and one of great interest, it being the first of the kind in the annals of the State of Oregon.

The following is the

Address of Mr. Minto.

Governor and Representatives of the State of Oregon:

At the request of the Oregon Pioneer Association, I appear before you in its behalf to present to you, for placement among those of the notable men of this yet young commonwealth, the portrait of the most potent friend and benefactor of those who planted the seeds of peace and social order in this fair land.

Of Dr. John McLoughlin's origin, we have little precise information. Such as we have indicates that he was of a Highland Scotch family, born in the Canadian province of Quebec, educated as a physician, but joining, while yet young, the Canadian association of fur traders known as the Northwest Company, and soon rising to prominence among his associates. His subordinate, Dr. W. F. Tolmie, tells us that "when, in 1821, the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company coalesced, Dr. McLoughlin strove sturdily for better terms for those bearing the burden of the work in the fur country as against the London directory (the contest being in fact a struggle of labor against capital), and refused to sign the deed poll, or agreement, between the London shareholders and their commisioned officers in Rupert's Land and the far Columbia. Notwithstanding this self-assertion, Dr. McLoughlin, on account of his high character and practical ability, was detailed for the Columbia in 1823." Assuming charge in 1824, he became virtually autocratic ruler of all the country then known as Oregon, extending from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, and from California to Alaska. From Dr. McLoughlin's own hand we have the statement of the first beginnings of agriculture in this now teeming region, by the planting (under his direction) "of peas and potatoes in 1825, and the reception from York factory in the fall of the same year, of one bushel each of wheat, oats, barley, and corn, and one quart of timothy seed, which was planted in 1826. From this small beginning the crop of 1828 was such as to enable the post at Vancouver to dispense with the importation of flour, etc." At this date of 1828, he tells us that he "gives to Etienne Lucier his advice to settle in the Willamette valley as a farmer, expressing the opinion to him that wherever wheat would grow, the country would be settled."

From this date we see him assisting settlers without regard to nationality, and, for reasons of "morality and policy," refraining from trading in spirituous

liquors, and persuading American traders to the same course. From a stock of cattle numbering but twenty-seven head, of all sorts and ages in 1825, he loaned two cows to each settler and oxen for teams, while resolutely refraining from killing and for food for himself, his officers or employes, until 1838, when "the first beef was killed for use at Vancouver."

We see him, in this matter of domestic cattle, thus denying himself and almost mutinous subordinates two years after he had assisted (by more than one-third of the money outlay) in the laudable effort of the American settlers and missionaries to procure cattle of their own, so as to be independent of the Hudson's Bay Company in that respect. Yet, we see him in wise care for the needs of his own employes and those of the increasing settlers, one year later (1839) refuse to supply the British squadron under Sir Edward Belcher, with beef, for which refusal Captain Belcher complained of him on his return to England.

Thus we see Dr. John McLoughlin, with almost paternal care, encouraging, guiding and guarding the beginnings of settled industrial life in Oregon. Standing on the high plane of a Christian gentleman, who sees for himself a duty to mankind above the race, national, sectarian and business interests, which are closing in contending lines around him, he

"Welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest,"

With a true Highland hospitality to the best within his control. After sixteen years, with almost absolute power for good or ill over Oregon, during which time he had acted the good Samaritan to unfortunate traders, kept open house for scientific explorers, made welcome travelers for information or pleasure, advised and assisted to locate missionaries like Jason Lee, and bound to himself in bonds of personal friendship, failing traders, like Nathaniel J. Wyeth, and devoted missionaries like Whitman and his noble wife—he stands ready to receive in the same spirit of generosity the first overland immigrants as home builders (in 1840) whose increasing numbers, in a few more years, take the dominion and the government from his hands.

Hon. P. H. Burnett (who was influenced by his counsel and a recipient of his aid and hospitality,) from an intimate personal acquaintance, says: "Dr. John McLoughlin was one of the greatest and most noble philanthropists I ever knew." Hon. Matthew P. Deady, in his scholarly address to the Oregon Pioneers in 1875, said of him: "Had he but turned his back upon the early missionary and settler and left them to shift for themselves, the occupation of the country by Americans would have been seriously retarded and attended

with much greater hardships and suffering than it was. * * He was a great man, upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess, and a nobility which the patent of no earthly sovereign can confer." The Hon. J. W. Nesmith, who served his day and generation as a pioneer, in the forum and in the field, speaking from his own knowledge as an immigrant of 1843, says: "Dr. John McLoughlin, then at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, from his own private resources, rendered to the new settlers much valuable aid, by furnishing the destitute with food, clothing and seed, waiting for his pay until they had a surplus to dispose of. Dr. John McLoughlin was a public benefactor, and the time will come when the people of Oregon will do themselves credit by erecting a statue to his memory. Of foreign birth and lineage, he gave the strongest proof of his devotion to republican institutions by becoming an American citizen while all his personal interests were identified with the British government. Thus far, detraction and abuse have been his principal reward." These are the words of three men, who labored as master builders upon the foundations of this commonwealth. The truth and history will fully vindicate them.

To the assistance given the immigrants of 1843, as described by Colonel Nesmith, I can add, as an eye witness, that those of 1844 received the loan of boats in which to descend the Columbia river from The Dalles (there being no road across the Cascades); the hungry were fed, the sick cared for and nursed, and not the least was the fact that many of the employes of the Hudson Bay Company followed the good doctor in their treatment of Americans. Especially was this the case in the settlement of retired Canadians who almost worshipped him. This settlement was a magazine of supplies, a hospitable, orderly community. Its existence as early as 1834 enabled Dr. McLoughlin to send Jason Lee into this vicinity "to sleep in peace and safety in a garden of cucumbers and melons," on the farm of Joseph Gervais. In 1836, according to Lieutenant Slocum (who came here to see the condition of American citizens), a surplus of 5,000 bushels of wheat was to be had. The existence of the settlement fully justified Dr. McLoughlin in advising Lee to locate here, and from acting on that advice has grown the fact, that we now see over against this capitol, dedicated to the welfare of humanity, with trust in God, the Willamette University and other buildings, dedicated to Christ and humanity.

In 1841, when Commodore Wilkes, the second observer in behalf of the United States, came, the population, according to Sir George Simpson, gov-

ernor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was 500—sixty Canadians, with Indian wives and half-breed families, and sixty-five American families. There were then in the country 3,000 head of cattle, 500 horses, besides an uncounted number of hogs. The wheat crop was 35,000 bushels, from 120 farms, with a due proportion of oats, barley and potatoes. The price of wheat was 62½ cents per bushel, for which any goods could be drawn from the Hudson's Bay Company's stores, except spirits, at 50 per cent. advance on London cost. In addition to this production of the settlement planted by Dr. McLoughlin, there was a 700-acre farm at Vancouver, managed in the best style of North British farming, and large quantities of pork and salmon were put up, so that when the first considerable immigrants of 1842 came, there was grain enough in the country for one year's supply, and much other food. But as they brought information of the larger immigration to come in 1843, the doctor foresaw and acted upon the necessity of securing a corresponding increase of seed to be sown, so that the increasing number of consumers might find an increased provision for their support.

These were the considerations which underlay his liberal and judicious treatment of the immigrants of 1843 and 1844; of furnishing immigrants who needed not only what would relieve their immediate wants, but seed and assistance in opening farms, so that there might not be a famine in the country in 1845 and succeeding years. The children of Israel had their Joseph in Egypt. Dr. John McLoughlin was the Joseph of the early home-builders of Oregon.

But no statement of treatment the settlers received at the hands of Dr. McLoughlin would do justice to his twenty-two years of rule over Oregon, without some notice of his dealings with the native race, and its effects in making the beginning of settlements comparatively safe.

He dealt with the Indians upon the fundamental idea that all men, civilized and savage, have an innate love of justice, and will therefore ultimately be satisfied with fair, honest dealings. The goods he used in trade were plain, solid, substantial, and as cheap as they could be made in the civilized world; adapted to meet their wants, and sold at prices uniform and moderate. He never deceived Indians. He never knowingly punished one Indian for the crime of another. He never punished many indiscriminately for the crime of one, but he followed the one criminal with relentless persistence until he was brought to justice. In one notable instance he made the Indians execute justice to each other. This was when the American trading party under Jed-

ediah Smith, eighteen in number, was set upon and fourteen of them murdered near the mouth of the Umpqua. Smith and two of his men, who were absent from camp when the massacre occurred, and one other, reached Vancouver in a forlorn condition. They were not only cared for, but Dr. McLoughlin took such measures as recovered $3,200 worth of Smith's property, and restored the same to him without cost; and, by telling the Indians who purchased the stolen goods of the murderers to look to them for their pay, the murderers were more effectually punished by the tribal war which resulted than even the Hudson's Bay Company's power could have done.

I will mention one instance of the arrest and execution of a single Indian, one of two who had for the purposes of robbery murdered a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company while asleep in his tent one Sunday afternoon at Pillar Rock on the Lower Columbia. The Indians fled toward their own country up the north coast. One was killed in the first pursuit; the other was taken as a prisoner to Astoria, where he escaped. He was retaken, after causing the death of two women disguised as men, who were assisting him. There was no question of his guilt. Dr. McLoughlin, in order to make the lesson of his execution impressive to the Indians, invited the leading men amongst them and all classes of the settlers and missionaries, to be present. He made the arrangements for the event in a way best calculated to strike terror to the Indian mind; and, when all was ready, with his white head bared, made the Indians a short and earnest address, showing them that the white men of all classes, Englishmen, Americans and Frenchmen, were as one man to punish such crimes. There is no doubt this treatment of the participators in the murder of Smith's party made the settlement of Umpqua valley more safe than it would otherwise have been, and there is just as little doubt that the execution at Astoria in 1841 had that result on the Lower Columbia.

During the latest period of his administration, while Dr. McLoughlin was pursuing his wise and humane policy toward the American immigrants, he was entertaining two emissaries of the British government as residents at Vancouver. For some time before the settlement of the boundary question England kept two such agents in Oregon, one of whom, in the later years, was the son of Sir Robert Peel, the then prime minister of Great Britain. There was also an observer in the interest of the company he served, living in the closest relations with him; and, in addition to these, his subordinates, part of whom were intensely loyal to England, kept up a constant bickering about the Doctor's Oregon City claim, and his "nursing of vipers" by the ad-

vances he made to Americans. To all fault-findings he says, in his posthumous paper, "it may be said, and it has been said, that I was too liberal in making these advances. It is not so, but it was done judiciously and prudently." The pioneers of Oregon were not, and are not, ingrates. They deplore deeply the wounds their friend and benefactor received from the self-constituted champions of diverse national interests, from sectarian bigotry, or from political ambition. That he keenly felt such, we learn from the paper which I have already quoted, concluding: "To be brief, I founded this settlement, and prevented war between Great Britain and the United States, and for doing this peaceably and quietly I was treated by the British in such a manner that, from self-respect, I resigned my situation in the Hudson Bay Company's service, by which I sacrificed $12,000 per annum, and the Oregon land bill shows the treatment I received from the Americans."

In this sad summary of such a life as Dr. McLoughlin's, there is a statement that merits our attention, which, if ever proven true—and no man that ever knew Dr. McLoughlin will doubt that he believed it true, namely, that he prevented war between Great Britain and the United States—will show that two of the greatest nations on this earth owe him a debt of gratitude, and that Oregon in particular is doubly bound to him as a public benefactor. British state papers may some day prove all this. It is now twenty-six years since the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon, so far as restoration of property to Dr. McLoughlin's family could undo the wrong of Oregon's land bill, gave gladness to the heart of every Oregon pioneer worthy of the name. All of them yet living now know that (good man as they believed him) he was better than they knew. They see him now, after the strife and jealousies of race, national, business and sectarian interests are allayed, standing in the centre of all these causes of contention—a position in which to please all parties was simply impossible, to "maintain which only a good man could bear with patience"—and they have adopted this means of conveying their appreciation of this great forbearance and patient endurance, combined with his generous conduct. Looking, then, at this line of action in the light of the merest glimpses of history known to be true by witnesses yet living, can any honest man wonder that the pioneers of Oregon, who have eaten the salt of this man's hospitality—who have been eye witnesses to his brave care for humanity and participators of his generous aid—are unwilling to go to their graves in silence, which would imply base ingratitude—a silence which would be eloquent with falsehood?

Governor, and Representatives of Oregon, in recognition of the worthy manner in which Dr. John McLoughlin filled his trying and responsible position, in the heartfelt glow of a grateful remembrance of his humane and noble conduct to them, the Oregon pioneers leave this portrait with you, hoping that their descendants will not forget the friend of their fathers, and trusting that this gift of the men and women who led the advance which has planted thirty thousand rifles in the valley of the Columbia, and three hundred thousand when needed in the national domain facing the Pacific ocean, will be deemed worthy of a place in your halls.

The following response was made by

GOVERNOR PENNOYER.

RESPECTED SIRS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

On behalf of the State of Oregon, I extend to you, sir, to the honorable Association of Pioneers, the thanks of the people of this commonwealth for the present you have made to the State.

This gift is alike creditable to the venerable men of your Association in its bestowment and to the State of Oregon in its acceptance. It does honor to the pioneers of Oregon, because it shows their full appreciation of the high qualities of a true and noble manhood; and the placing of this painting in the honorable position it now occupies in the senate hall of the state capitol evinces a like appreciation on the part of the representatives and the people of this great State. Dr. McLoughlin was, indeed, a most extraordinary man. Entrusted with a most responsible position under the British flag at a time when there was a bitter contest for governmental supremacy in Oregon, it was the undoubted and honorable wish and prompting of his heart that the flag of his country might continue to wave over Oregon soil, and yet in instances repeated without number, he extended the hand of charity and unstinted aid to the poor immigrants of the contesting people, whose advent here threatened the supremacy of his government over the contested territory. While he was loyal to his country he was, as became his lofty character, more loyal to his conscience; and while never forgetting his full allegiance as a Briton, he never forgot his higher duty as a man.

The love of a country is a commendable love. No devotion is too strong for the land of our birth and for the government that has protected us in youth, shielded us in manhood, and which constitutes our security in declining years. In its defense, its loyal sons will tread with fearless step the ensanguined field and face with unflinching courage the bayonet charge or the cannon's sweeping hail. But above and beyond his love of country is that greater love and that broader and more catholic spirit, which prompts the true heroes of every nation to extend to the suffering of their own race, though met as foemen on the battle plain, the cordial hand of Christian charity.

The soldier, when he gives a cup of water to a wounded foe, is a grander hero in the sight of heaven than when he bravely struggles in the battle's van. To love your country is the service of every citizen, enjoined by duty and the law of the land ; but to love your fellow man is a higher obligation, enjoined by conscience and the law of God. And to do honor to the memory of a man whose charitable deeds were bestowed to alien supplicants in the mere love of mercy, and who never turned his face to any poor man, is simply to reflect honor upon ourselves. It was indeed the spirit of divinity itself that prompted the angel to write in letters of loving light Ben Adhem's name above all other names, because he, more than all his brethren, had truly loved his fellow man. We rear the stately shaft to the memory of those who fell in defense of their country, and we perpetuate the recollection alike of heroes and statesmen by statues wrought of solid marble or enduring bronze ; but those men who have done quiet deeds of kindness and charity all along the path of their life's duty need neither shaft nor statue to keep alive the recollection of their noble deeds—it will forever live in thankful hearts and be handed down from grateful sire to son. And, more than this, in that great beyond, where the character of every man will be tested in the light of eternal truth, the humble and unostentatious givers of good gifts to the poor of this world will outrank in dignity and honor the avaricious possessor of millions of earth's sordid dross or the recipients of the highest of earthly fame and honors.

Then let this picture of the grand old man, whose numerous deeds of charity are inseparably interwoven in the early history of our State, ever enjoy the place of honor it now holds ; and when our children and our children's children shall visit these venerated halls, let them pause before the portrait of this venerable man and do homage to his memory, who, with his patriotic devotion to his country and his devout service to his God, crowned the full completeness of his high character with an unmeasured love for his fellow man.

HOMON MUNSON HUMPHREY.

One cannot see how the faces and names of the men of our State are changing as they do from year to year as the pioneers pass away, without a feeling of sadness. Twenty-five years ago there were men in our State of whom it was frequently said, "Oregon would not be Oregon without him, or him." But they have gone and Oregon is not the Oregon that it was before. Such were Colonel Nesmith, Deacon Elisha Tanner, Deacon T. G. Naylor, Rev. Elkanah Walker, Father Wilbur, Rev. William Roberts, Rev. Dr. Atkinson, Gov. Geo. Abernethey, Rev. Gustavus Hines, Rev. A. F. Waller, J. Quinn Thornton; men whose faces were seen at almost every important gathering, whose names appear upon many of our public documents, the strength of whose minds and, as it were, the grip of whose hand were everywhere known and felt. Such a man also was Deacon Homon Munson Humphrey; one of our strong, positive, hardy men of the early days; whose grip of hand was like a vice; whose activity and endurance of frame was remarkable even among the race of the early Oregonians; and whose force of will was equalled only by his clearness of mental outlook and the integrity of his heart. He was progressive and wont to get ahead of the times; he lived much in the future and his love of the ideally correct often threw him out of sympathy with much of the world, as it was. He was a Christian of very strong convictions, conscious at almost every moment of his life that he was to "love God with all his heart."

He was of old New England stock, the first of his ancestors to rest foot upon American soil being Michael Humphrey, who came to the old town of Lynn, Connecticut, in 1643. His descendants left a name through the colonial wars and the revolution, and have been known in the more recent strifes and now number over five thousand.

The father of our pioneer was a deacon of the Congregational church, and, soon after the war of 1812, became a pioneer of western New York, which was then a distant and wild part of the Union. It was here in Wyoming county, September 24, 1819, that his sixth son, the one of whom we write, was born. There he grew to manhood, and, at the age of twenty

years, found his life companion in the person of Miss Lydia Case Snow, of Hamilton county, Ohio, and went on almost immediately to take up wild land in Iowa.

The possibility of forming the Pacific Coast upon correct Christian principles, no less than the prospect of the great material development which he foresaw, appealed strongly to his mind, and, in 1852, selling all his possessions and gathering up twenty-seven head of cattle, including loose stock and yoke oxen, he set forth across the plains to Oregon. It was one more of those little bands that flecked the immensity of the American plain with their white-topped Missouri wagons. The departure of the company, for there was about a dozen at the time, was the occasion of a solemn and tearful farewell from those who had been their yoke fellows in the church, and very earnest were the prayers for the safety of the company. And, in truth, although 1852 was a year when cholera raged fearfully on the plains, destroying, it is said, as many as eleven thousand of the emigrants, Deacon Humphrey's company passed through without the plague, or any other evils, befalling them. Yet their journey was not without its excitements. Out on the Platte, at the crossing of Elkhorn, the Pawnee Indians twice tried the trick of extorting toll. One afternoon three chiefs came up to the teams and were friendly beyond expression. After riding a short time with the company they went on at a canter, swinging aloft a sort of banner or flag. This was nothing more than a signal to the band of Indians, waiting in the distance, to swoop down. Some four hundred of them suddenly appeared, armed with bows and arrows and a few guns, and before the astonished emigrants knew what was coming, the painted warriors were on all sides, throwing down their blankets and all ready for action. But before actually shooting, the chiefs sent word that it would be all right and they would be brothers again if the whites would pay a cow for going through their lands. The cow was readily paid and the wagons moved on, all feeling that they had had a merciful escape. But a few hours after, while in an area of brush on the river bottom, they discovered themselves surrounded once more and the same warlike demonstration and demand was repeated, and the cow was paid. But the company, thinking that their captain—one Miller—played the coward, deposed him and elected Mr. Humphrey in his place. The new captain moved the train on to an open space, corraled the animals, and finding two Indians, presumably spies, coming into the camp, caught and kept them guarded under a wagon all night, preventing their return to their tepees until the train was well out on the road next day.

There was no more trouble with Indians until Fort Boise was reached. Here three or four prowling Bannocks stampeded the animals by riding upon them as they were grazing during the night and swinging coyote skins in the air, together with deafening yells. It was noon the next day before the animals were recovered. None were lost.

On a fifty-two mile desert the teams suffered greatly for lack of water. In the midst of this waste the remains of an abandoned train were found; sixteen hundred pounds of bacon piled out on the road, all of one wagon and the fore wheels of another. They helped themselves to a part of the bacon. Somewhat farther on there were two men standing by a still wagon and weeping like children. Their brother, they said, had been overcome with thirst and had drank alkali water and was now dying from the poison. It was a journey of fifty-two miles here of unremitting travel to pass this desolate tract. Within ten miles of the limit they met a team with water to sell, some of the company paying as high as one dollar per glass. At the end of the day the animals were let loose to graze where the printed guide said the water was good; but snuffing up the alkali from the grass or drinking the water, they were poisoned, and it was by the timely use of the bacon, found on the desert, that they were saved.

The journey ended August 27—a quick trip. During a part of the journey their slender train was augmented by another squad, making the number of wagons twenty-five. Captain Humphrey never traveled Sundays, yet he camped nearly every Saturday night with a team that traveled seven days in the week. He was, moreover, very humane to his animals, using a whip with a lash no more than a yard long, and the most serious quarrel he had was with a man who persisted in lashing his oxen so severely as to welt them and even to draw blood.

Upon arriving in Oregon and stopping at "Foster's," Mrs. Humphrey was taken severely ill with typhoid fever. Being in circumstances which required speedy settlement—the autumn swiftly passing—Mr. Humphrey went down from their halting place to Portland, then but a few cabins in the woods, to learn enough of the country to decide the difficult question where to locate. For in those times many elements of both a proximate and an ulterior nature made this a hard problem to solve. But before he left Portland he got all the light necessary. Seeing a bark lying in the stream, he inquired of the "oldest inhabitant" how far up the Willamette sea-going craft could sail. "Not above Ross Island," was the reply. "Then this is the place for

the city," was his answer; and despite the common belief that Oregon City would be the place, and the many efforts to make Columbia City, Milton, St. Helens, Vancouver, St. Johns or Milwaukie the metropolis, Deacon Humphrey's prediction has been verified. Acting at once upon his conviction he proceeded to lay his claim as near Portland as was then possible. This was two miles west, on the now celebrated "Portland Heights." To reach this spot was then no easy matter. In early times, about 1840, a committee to view a road from Portland to the Tualatin Plains reported that the hills were so difficult and the timber so dense, that no road would be made through within thirty years time. Nevertheless by 1852 a road had been viewed and "brushed out." This led up the old canyon following the bed of the stream much of the way, crossing the water twenty-five times within a distance of two miles. It was up this route that our pioneer was obliged to bring his still suffering wife. At the top of the hill his way led off from the road, and he had to "brush" his path through the dense undergrowth to his cabin in the "burn" where he laid his claim. In the pure air of this spot his wife recovered and here was made the home he never left. In memory of him this will doubtless always be known as "Humphrey's Mountain."

Here began the pioneer life, which is so full of familiar details as to need no recounting here. It is nevertheless a life that is passing away. It was, on the whole, a purer, healthier, happier, nobler sort of existence than the highly artificial, unnatural, indolent, nervous indoor and immoral life which is largely succeeding it. It was making shingles and puncheon flooring, splitting rails, burning, clearing, gardening and raising cattle and poultry, together with reading old books, going to the meetings through the woods, following "blazed" trees; and much time spent in devotion.

As many as seven happy years sped away, a few clear acres growing each season about the cabin, and the roads gradually becoming straighter and cleaner.

While thus engaged in his own work, he was also earnest and active in public enterprises, taking a leading part in schools and churches. He was a Congregationalist, and the first church of that name in Portland owes much to his charities and beneficence.

In 1859, his happy course of domestic life was mournfully broken by the death of his wife; a woman of beautiful character and a true Christian.

During this period much of his surplus money was invested in land, and, by 1860, he had secured as much as fifteen hundred acres, some of which is

now worth $1,000 an acre. But like many others of his mental character, he somewhat overstrained himself. Seeing so clearly the future development he underestimated the time and the periods of inaction between. Nor, indeed, was it possible for him to calculate the uncertainty and depression that came with the opening of the war in 1861. At this time every one that held a note proceeded to collect it if possible. Values shrunk almost to nothing. The whole of Mr. Humphrey's estate was swallowed up, excepting one hundred acres, embracing his old home, and this remnant was saved only by the earnest advice and proffer of a few hundred dollars by his son Wolcott. This piece of land afforded him a livelihood during the twenty-seven remaining years of his life, and thus enabled him to leave to each of his children a property that is rapidly becoming a competence to them. His late years were devoted to the care of his family and building up the little church at Mt. Zion, of which he was the deacon and real father.

His second marriage, in 1860, proved sadly unhappy and the result, which was a separation, was perhaps the only solution. Yet this was not sought, and only reluctantly accepted by him.

In 1865, he was married to Mrs. Lamira Mercer, who surrounded his declining years with all the comforts of a well ordered home, and still survives him.

In political principle he was an abolitionist of the blackest dye. He was the uncompromising enemy of all who traded in human flesh and held in contempt the laws which sanctioned the inhuman traffic. His temperance principles were no less pronounced. While in the trucking business he even refused to haul kegs or barrels intended to be used for liquor. Such opposition to an iniquitous traffic is by many pronounced foolish and productive of no effect except to injure one's own business. Not so thought Deacon Humphrey. It was his stinging rebuke to evil and a lofty declaration that he was not dependent in any shape or manner for money upon a business that damned society.

He died at his home in 1887, looking at the Canaan of our future from his Mt. Pisgah. Many wrongs and evils were yet to be uprooted from society to bring it up to his hopes. Even the natural advancement of the State was mostly in the future and lay clear and bright only to the eye of faith.

He left a large family who are well known throughout the Northwest. These are their names: Wolcott Julius, printer, of Portland ; Mrs. Orpha T.

Gove, of Mt. Zion ; Mrs. Dr. Eliza Denlinger, now deceased, one of the pioneer lady physicians of the State and wife of Henry Denlinger ; Mrs. Julia Briscoe, of Shoalwater Bay ; Dr. T. C. Humphrey, of La Camas, W. T., and Lydia E. Gault, wife of Hon. D. M. C. Gault, the well known politician, editor and educator.

To those who look upon the present as perfection, the pioneer work of our State seems meager and insignificant ; it was much underground. It makes little showing now, but it was the foundation. Let the present beware what sort of wood, hay or stubble it builds upon the foundation of the pioneers !

MR. ORVILLE RISLEY.*

BY JUDGE MATTHIEW P. DEADY.

Mr. Orville Risley died at his son's residence on the old farm in Clackamas county, on the 11th of this month, and was buried from the Unitarian church in this city to-day.

Mr. Risley was born in "York State," as it was then and for a long time called, in 1807, and at his decease was very near 77 years old. In early life he went to Ohio and engaged in the mercantile business; and in 1845 came across the plains to Oregon. The company of which he formed a part was the first distinctively Ohio immigration to Oregon, and include such well known persons as Judge Skinner, L. A. Rice, Colonel Taylor of Astoria, and the late Hiram Smith of this city.

Prior to 1856 Mr. Risley lived in Clackamas and Yamhill counties, being engaged in a very successful mercantile adventure in Lafayette in the year 1849 and 1850, when he returned to his farm on the Clackamas, nearly opposite Oswego, where he gave his attention to the cultivation of fruit, and did much to improve the country in that respect.

But since 1856, and until within a short time past, he has resided in this city, where he was commonly known as "Squire" or "Judge" Risley, from the fact that he often filled the offices of justice of the peace and city recorder. Here his attention was given to the improvement and management of some valuable property which he early acquired in Portland.

Within the past year he returned ro the farm, now and then in the occupation of his son, Swayne Risley, where he passed away quietly and peacefully, as one who had lived out his days.

The writer first met the deceased on this day thirty-five years ago at Lafayette, and has known him well ever since. Modest and unassuming in

* From the *Sunday Oregonian*, December 14, 1884.

manner, he was a man of good judgment and fair ability, and generally accomplished what he undertook. His lot was cast in what may be called the common walks of life, but in some important respects, he was by no means an ordinary man. He was distinguished for honesty and integrity, and whoever knew him trusted him and believed in him. He provided for himself and his household, without wronging his neighbor, and left something behind him, to ease the lot of those whom he loved, of which they need not be ashamed. Without pretension, he lived, according to his light and knowledge, for the right, and faithfully fulfilled the duties of neighbor, friend and citizen, and thus living, he died without reproach, leaving his son the priceless heritage of a good name.

EDWARD LONG

PHOTOTYPE F.GUTEKUNST PHILAD'A.

EDWARD LONG.

Edward Long was born June 3rd, 1817, in Columbus, Franklin county, Ohio. His ancestors were Puritans and emigrated from Londonderry (now Derry), New Hampshire, in 1721. The emigrants who settled that town were Presbyterians of the John Knox school, and are called Scotch-Irish, being descendants of a colony which migrated from Argylshire, Scotland, and settled in the province of Ulster in the north of Ireland about the year 1612.

Soon after the evacuation of Nova Scotia by the French, about the year 1763, a large number of families, among whom were the grand parents of Edward Long, moved from New Hampshire to Truro, a small town at the head of the Bay of Fundy in the province of Nova Scotia. His father, Matthew Long, and mother, Margaret Taylor Long, emigrated from Nova Scotia in the year 1800 to Chillicothe, Ohio, where they remained until 1809, when they removed to Columbus, Franklin county, Ohio, where Matthew Long followed his trade of carpentering until 1822, when he died, leaving a wife and four young sons to mourn his loss. The second son, Edward, the subject of this sketch, was but five years old at his father's death, and his mother not being able to support all four of her sons, he was adopted by his uncle David Taylor and lived with him until he was twenty years of age, being occupied most of the time driving stock to the eastern market. He then moved to Iowa, then a frontier western territory, where he remained farming and stock-raising until the spring of 1847.

On the 19th day of January, 1846, he was married to Martha J. Wills, and on the 4th day of April, 1847, started for Oregon. The company consisting of about one hundred persons, was made up at Oskaloosa, Iowa, and was called the Oskaloosa Company.

After being on the road a couple of months they overtook another company bound for Oregon who had lost twenty yoke of their cattle, consequently could not proceed without help. Feeling that they could not leave them at the mercy of the Indians, and with a limited supply of provisions, the Oskaloosa Company divided their teams with them thus adding to the already

many hindrances of a quick trip. They were delayed several days on the Platte river by their teams stampeding, breaking up several wagons and killing one child. The only trouble had with the Indians by the Oskaloosa Company were their persistent efforts to steal horses; but being well organized and guarded, their loss thereby was very small. They arrived at The Dalles the following October where the company disbanded, some wintering there, others crossing the Cascade mountains by way of the Indian trail, and a few, among whom were Edward Long and family, made a raft of logs which carried them down the Columbia to the Cascades, and from there made their way in a large row boat (bateau) belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company and run by Indians to Fort Vancouver, arriving there late in October, 1847.

Procuring a small house near the present site of East Portland, he moved into it and spent his first winter in Oregon cutting hoop poles for the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the spring of 1848 he formed a partnership with George and Jacob Wills, and built a small saw-mill on the present site of the furniture factory at Willsburg. They experienced no difficulty in disposing of all the lumber they could make, for $100 per thousand at the mill, most of which was sent by schooner to the San Francisco market.

In 1849 he bought of Seth Catlin the claim-right to what is now known as the Edward Long Donation Land Claim lying south of and adjoining the city of East Portland. In the spring of 1850 he sold his one-third interest in the mill to his partners and then moved to his claim where he lived until 1883, when he removed to his late home on the north-east corner of Sixth and F streets, East Portland.

His home of thirty-three years, on the farm, was located on the east side of the Oregon City road and near the present city limits of East Portland. That being the principal thoroughfare connecting Portland and the Willamette Valley, many a weary traveler found food and shelter under his hospitable roof, and never was application made in vain, however poor the applicant. Most of his time, while on the farm, was occupied in raising fruit, he being for many years one of the most extensive growers in the State.

On the 21st day of November, 1855, his wife Martha J. Long, departed this life, leaving the husband and four young daughters, Sarah J., Mary E., Margaret E., and Adelma M., without the care of a kind and affectionate wife

and mother. The following year he was united in marriage to Avis M. Creswell, and to them was born two sons, Henry and Edward E., and one daughter, Avis E. On the 24th day of April, 1863, the family was again bereaved of a loving wife and mother. After a time he was joined in wedlock to Nancy L. Chase.

For over fifty years he had been more or less afflicted with rheumatism, and several times during that period he was confined to his bed for months, with that painful disease, which in a great measure broke down his strong constitution. Early in December, 1888, he began failing rapidly and it soon became evident that the end was near. The best medical aid furnished but little relief. His trouble proved to be valvular disease of the heart, and after lingering until the 20th of February, 1889, he passed peacefully across the dark river to join those who have gone before.

A devoted wife who has been his constant companion for twenty-five years, four daughters and one son survive him. They are Mrs. S. J. Rinehart, of Shedds, Linn county, Oregon; Mrs. M. E. Croft and Mrs. A. M. Elkins, of Portland; Mrs. M. E. Frazier and E. E. Long, of East Portland.

Edward Long was a man endowed by nature with a strong and vigorous intellect, combined with energy and a love for justice and right, and was as close a practitioner of the Golden Rule as can be found in this day and age of the world. Having spent his whole life on the frontier, his education was necessarily limited; he was, nevertheless, well read and posted on all the current issues of the day. He always took great interest in public schools and was director twelve successive years in District No. 2. Multnomah county. He delighted in working for temperance and was a thorough prohibitionist. He lived an exemplary Christian life, for many years has been a member of the First Baptist Church of East Portland. Highly respected and honored by all who knew him, dearly loved by his family and leaving a name long to be remembered, he passed peacefully from a life of success and usefulness to his reward of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

STEPHEN GRIGGS SKIDMORE.

"The beautiful outlives the useful," and that which is of public benefit is regarded with interest, while private grandeur is neglected or noticed only with envy. The reputation of the one who invests all his fortune in his own name will go to rack as fast as the weather can decay his tombstone; while the public-spirited man who gives of his inheritance to ease or improve others, will have a thousand pious hands to deck his grave and repair his monument.

Portland will always remember Stephen G. Skidmore, because he remembered her in his will and furnished the means to ornament her streets with one of the handsomest works of art to be found in any spot in America—the beautiful Skidmore Fountain. It is something to be proud of that this pioneer hit upon so graceful a way of benefitting his city. It shows a deep grain of feeling in the composition of a hard-working business man, and that peculiar yearning found in noble natures to do something which will be of permanent good.

The fountain is simple, plain and costly, and as a work of art stands in the front rank on account of this very chastity. Not only the thirsty horse or wayfarer enjoys the water, but no man of feeling can pass by without an emotion of respect and kindness, as if he had met a good man with a smile on his face; to the stranger or lonesome citizen this is one of those things that seem homelike and inviting, and give him a sense of human kindness and the presence of a lasting good will. This is the greatest benefit of art—that the thoughts of the generous and humane, and those that love their kind, may be made perpetual in stone, or on the canvas, or even in song, and every poor son of Adam that goes by and looks or listens, forgets that the world is cold and empty. He has heard a brotherly voice.

Mr. Skidmore's present is the beginning of what may be extended to an indefinite degree. It proves that even in a city so material and neglectful as Portland, there are men of good will who want their good will to be imparted to all the coming generations of Portlanders; and we may hope and even expect that not only fountains, but other works of art, such as statues, arches, or

paintings, fine squares or libraries, as well as endowments for institutions, will, from time to time, be given to the public, and the place thereby become full of noble memories, with the air of dignity and beauty which make it an object of love to its inhabitants, and of admiration to visitors.

Mr. Skidmore arrived in Portland in the summer of 1850, being then but a boy scarcely twelve years of age. His parents were people of culture. Andrew Skidmore, his father, was a native of New York City, a man very active and of brilliant mind; quick in all his operations, and able to acquire wealth with astonishing ease. It was, however, quite as easy for him to scatter as to make money, and fortunes were spent in a fast and lively regimen. With this brilliancy of mind and generous mode of life was joined great affection for his wife and children, but the convivial habits in vogue in Portland of 1850, and later, worked sad results in this naturally noble man.

The mother of Stephen Skidmore, Sarah Ann Slater, was also of New York City, and the daughter of a gentleman of large wealth who was owner of the Riverside Park. She was a lady of great refinement, well able to ornament any society, accustomed to luxury, and possessed of an excellent education and of almost all of the accomplishments. She applied herself successfully to teaching after her marriage, and in the rugged scenes of western life after leaving Illinois, on the plains, and in Oregon, showed herself capable of every sort of mental or physical labor. She was a most faithful wife and mother, and a devoted Christian. It was at Peoria, Illinois, that Stephen was born.

Reaching Portland Mr. Andrew Skidmore conducted the California Hotel, using also the lower front room as a general merchandise store. Mrs. Skidmore undertook the onerous work of landlady, doing much of the domestic labor with her own hands, and making the front windows of the store attractive with specimens of her cake and pastry. Money flowed into the till, but in 1852 the father went on a business venture to Los Angeles, California, and never returned to live with his family. The mother now conducted a boarding house on her own responsibility, and her son Stephen became her chief reliance. He assisted her with the most scrupulous fidelity at any and every sort of work, shirking no duty, and developing for her a respect and love which amounted to a passion. He spent the evenings with her in study, becoming very proficient in algebra and geometry, and acquiring the easy use of his pen.

When but thirteen years old, he found a situation as shop boy in the jewelry store of Pillow & Drew, and soon after combined with this, work as carrier of the *Oregonian*. During these early years constant application and much responsibility made him rather grave and thoughtful. By investment of her means in real estate on First street, opposite the present site of Allen & Lewis' store, Mrs. Skidmore was relieving herself of pecuniary embarrassment and laying the foundation of a fortune, and the stress of necessity was somewhat lifted from the family. The eldest of the three daughters—all of whom had been left in the East—was brought out to be with her mother.

At the age of nineteen, young Skidmore entered the drug store of Smith & Davis. Here he worked with his accustomed patience and application and learned the drug business thoroughly. To improve himself, however, he went to San Francisco and took a course of medical lectures. After ten years of diligent labor he determined to establish a business of his own in this line. His employers were exceedingly loth to part with so valuable a clerk, and it was from intimate friends, who loaned him one thousand dollars for one year, without interest, that he obtained the means.

As a projector and manager of his own business Mr. Skidmore showed great skill. It is worthy of mention here that he was so well liked and so much trusted by the people of Portland, that when it was known he was about to set up an establishment of his own, a sort of "conspiracy" was formed, headed by Mr. J. B. Garrison, to give the young man a lift—to drop in and make some purchase, or at least, say a good word. Consequently when his day of opening came, almost all the responsible citizens of the place, to the number of two or three hundred, looked in and asking for something; to the great astonishment and, no doubt, gratification of the young man. This generous interest was continued for some time—indeed, as long as patronage was in place. His store was first established in a building intended as a machine shop, owned by David Monnastes. Up-stairs was the office of Doctor Davenport, a highly educated and kindly physician of large practice, who showed his genuine good will by turning business into Skidmore's hands. Across the street was the dry goods and grocery store of J. M. Breck, who also directed to him customers in need of medicine. His old employers, although he was now a rival, felt no less interest in his success. Stephen was, in fact, a favorite boy in the city and every one wanted to see him succeed. It was in the early days when everybody knew everybody, and there was a spirit of brotherliness and personal helpfulness, which is impos-

sible in a city of 75,000. Nevertheless this personal interest in and fidelity for all the boys and affectionate co-operation of the citizens of the place in the old times, may be remembered as one of the principal things that made our city, and is to be preserved as far as possible. It is undoubtedly true that this manly affection and generous interest in his success, had much to do with the gradual unfolding of his own largeness of mind and general breadth of outlook.

Of the way in which he kept his drug store, one who knows him well, says: "It was a drug store twenty-four hours per day. He slept in the back room and would get up at the first tinkle of the bell just as quickly for twenty-five cents as twenty-five dollars. The money consideration was secondary. No one must be allowed to say that Skidmore was wanting in a spirit of politeness and accommodation. This stern sense of duty animated every action."

He was able to return the loans made him, and soon after was educating two of his sisters at the Elmira College at Springfield, Ill. He early began making investments in real estate; but his great interest still centered in his drug business, which he attended upon day and night, and, it is said, was as ready to wait upon a poor man as a rich one, and never refused medicine free to the needy. His benefactions in this line, alone, aggregated a large sum. He had the feeling that his business was a calling or duty, rather than a money-getting scheme, and followed it with a devotion almost religious.

He established a connection with New York, and made a number of trips thither in the interest of his business and formed there also many personal acquaintances of interest and value. On one of these trips he went over to Europe, spending some time at Paris. He was fond of traveling on this coast, also, going frequently to California, and occasionally to Alaska.

He was faithful and kind to his parents to the last, going to Los Angeles to bring back for burial here the body of his father who died in 1860. Over his mother, in her last illness in 1862, he kept a constant watch, robbing himself of sleep to be beside her, and being nearly heart-broken when she at last passed away.

In public affairs he was interested and active, having been a member of the City Council and Portland Volunteer Fire Department, and by giving aid to many public enterprises.

His business grew and prospered in a wonderful way, and he owned

property in the city which the rise in the value of real estate would ultimately have made worth millions.

In manner, he was self-composed, quiet, and dignified. In figure, he was of medium size, well made, and of easy carriage. His temper was even and his speech deliberate. Although reserved, his face was frank and clear. His brow and eyes were thoughtful, and his lower features strong and refined. He left the impression of a man of deep nature with generous instincts and large plans. He has been compared to Peter Cooper, and had his life been prolonged his wealth might have equaled that of the great philanthropist, and he might have shown himself capable of the same wide execution of benevolent purposes; dying June 18, 1883, at the age of 44, his mature life was cut short, and no one knows how much of unfinished good he took with him to the grave.

In his will, besides the gift for the fountain, he left $5,000 to the Portland Library, and an ample provision to his relatives and gifts to his many friends. His fortune was about $130,000 at the time of his death, all made by his own efforts in legitimate business within about fifteen years' time. This is a most remarkable record of business ability. Nevertheless, his manly qualities and high character, and the stamp of mind which we might hope to designate as peculiarly that of Oregon, are of more value and really more enjoyable to the people, and of more moment to the Pioneers than many millions of lifeless money.

His death occurred June 18, 1883, after a long illness from consumption through which he was nursed by his faithful colored servant who survived him but a few months. He was in the prime of life, being but 44 years old.

The leading characteristics of his mind stand out clearly and nobly as his fine and sterling sense of honor, and his public spirit, or interest in the general good. As illustrations of the former, were his attachment to his mother, his devotion to his business and strict integrity, even leading him to sign a quit-claim to a very valuable property in New York City once owned by his grandfather which had been sold, but the record lost. As illustrations of his benevolence and care for others, were his gift of medicines to the poor, the remembrance of all his friends in his will, and his bequest of $10,000 to the city. It was a graceful thing, and one reflecting credit on the people of Portland that the $5,000 intended for the fountain was doubled by various contributions. Those who knew him well, believed that as his wealth grew he was

meditating some sort of benevolent plan for the public good. His gifts were not, therefore, unexpected to them, and it is believed that the trend of his mind in this line will yet and still further influence men of wealth and capacity to look to the good of the public as an aim in their accumulations and dispositions of property.

His recognition of his debt to the public is a good and needed example. If any man ever earned his money he did yet he believed it due to return a large share of it to the use of the world. This was his animating purpose in business life. He had the air and mien of a man of high aims, never for a moment acquiring snobbishness or affectation as his wealth increased. He was the same modest, kindly gentleman to the last.

He was never married. His two sisters, Mrs. Mary A. Preston, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Martha Connor, of Portland, are highly respected members of our society. His sister Ada, deceased wife of Mr. Charles E. Sitton, of Portland; and Charles, also deceased, completed the family circle.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

We, the members of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION, do hereby adopt this Constitution as the fundamenta law by which the proceedings of this Association shall be governed.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known by the name of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Association shall be to collect, from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among its members.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of President, Vice-President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and Treasurer, who hall form the Executive Board; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice-President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and in case of his absence or inability so to act, the Vice-President shall preside.

The President, with the concurrent opinion of a majority of the Executive Board, shall have power to call special meetings whenever, in his judgment, the best interests of the Association shall demand it, countersigning all calls for the same ; also, all orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and perform such other duties as the Association may, by resolution, impose upon him.

ARTICLE V.

The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all proceedings of the Association, sign all orders drawn upon the Treasurer; also, all calls for meetings; shall file copies of all letters written by himself on special business, touching the objects of the Association, and faithfully preserve all communications which he may receive relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, and perform such other duties as shall be imposed upon him by resolution at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

The Treasurer shall receive, and safely keep, all moneys belonging to the Association, pay all orders properly signed by the President and Secretary, and keep books for the correct statement of his accounts.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Executive officers and Board of Directors, at such time and place as he may designate, and the Secretary shall notify the Directors for what purpose they are to convene. It shall be the duty of the Directors to select the place of holding the Annual Reunions of the Association ; to receive and examine the Annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and have power to require semi-annual reports from the same, and perform such other duties as may by resolution in annual session be imposed upon them.

ARTICLE VIII.

All immigrants, male or female, who reside within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who settled within said Territory prior to the first day of January, 1855, are eligible to become members of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.

All persons having the qualifications set forth in the preceding Article, choosing to become members of this Association, are required to subscribe their names in the Register kept for that purpose, or may forward the same to the Secretary to be recorded, giving the date of his or her arrival in the Territory of Oregon, where from, native State or country, and year of birth, and pay an admission fee of one dollar ($1.00) and a yearly due of like amount at each annual meeting: *Provided*, That no admission fee or yearly due be exacted from female members of the Association; but all members are required to furnish the Secretary with their photograph on becoming members, or as soon thereafter as convenient, the same to be arranged in groups to accord with the date of arrival of each year's immigration, and to be preserved with the memoirs of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Board to select annually a Chaplain, Occasional and other orators, Chief Marshal, and such subordinate officers and invited guests of the Association, as in its judgment may be proper and necessary for the occasion of each Annual Reunion.

ARTICLE XI.

The time of holding the annual meetings shall be June 15th, except when that date falls on Sunday, in which event the Reunion shall take place on the following Tuesday. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give at least sixty days' notice of the same, through the medium of the public press, stating the time and place designated for such purpose.

ARTICLE XII.

The officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot at the annual meetings. The candidates having a majority of the votes cast, shall be by the President declared duly elected. And it shall be the duty of the President to appoint two members to act as tellers, and conjointly with the Secretary and his assistant, shall receive and canvass the votes.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall, at each annual meeting, make an appropriation out of moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, sufficient to enable

the Secretary to provide the officers of the Association with suitable books, stationery, and stamped envelopes, as may be necessary to enable them to discharge the duties of their respective offices, and to meet all outstanding indebtedness or incidental expenses incurred in conducting the business of the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Constitution, defining the objects of the Oregon Pioneer Association, the powers and duties of its officers and members, shall not be changed or amended except by a two-thirds' vote of the members voting in the affirmative at the annual meetings of the Association ; but the members may, by resolution, require the President to appoint a committee of three members to revise and report an amended copy of this Constitution at the annual meeting nex ensuing, and if the copy so reported, or any Article or Section thereof, shall receive two-thirds of the votes cast, it shall become valid as the fundamental law of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to procure from the author of each Annual Address, a manuscript copy, the same to be preserved with the archives of the Association ; also, manuscript or printed copies of each regular address delivered by special invitation of the Board; and all papers read before, or presented to the Association, to be in like manner preserved.

ARTICLE XVI.

The Association, in its deliberations shall be governed by rules made in conformity with parliamentary usage.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

PORTLAND, OREGON, October 18, 1888.

To the President and Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

GENTLEMEN :—In addition to the matters which appear of record in the published Transactions for 1887 and 1888, it is my duty to report the following relative to funds coming into my hands since holding the office of Recording Secretary, beginning June 15, 1886 :

DR.

To dues collected to date	$170 00
" Pamphlets sold	6 50
" Fifteen bound volumes sold	75 00
" Proceeds of Ball, 1888	31 00
" Refreshment stand	4 70
Total	$287 20

CONTRA—Sundries paid out as follows:

1887.			
June 6.	Expressage on Banners from Oregon City	$ 1 00	
" 14.	Painting Banner	1 50	
	Making banner poles	1 50	
Aug. 17.	Cartage on Dr. McLoughlin's picture	50	
" 29.	Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s bill for cartage and handling Dr. McLoughlin's picture	3 25	
1888.			
Jan. 31.	Indexing Roll Book	2 50	
June 16.	Painting Banner for California Pioneers	3 50	
" 16.	Fixing banner poles	1 50	
	Postage stamps	3 50	
	Ribbon for badges	1 75	
	Paid for copying roll, etc.	15 00	
			$36 00
	Balance transferred to Treasurer Bacon		$251 20

Warrants on Treasurer have been drawn as follows:

1887.

June	16.	Favor E. M. Waite for printing	$ 92 50
"	16.	" John M. Bacon, services as director	10 00
"	16.	" M. Wilkins, " "	10 00
"	16.	" Joseph Watt, " "	10 00
"	16.	" F. X. Matthieu, " "	10 00
"	16.	" Geo. H. Himes, " "	10 00
"	16.	" H. S. Lyman, preparing sketches	75 00
"	16,	" Geo. H. Himes, printing	220 00
"	16.	" " " Engraving of Dr. McLoughlin	52 50
"	16.	" " " Binding pamphlets	140 00
"	16.	" " " Ribbon for badges, etc	24 40
		Total	$654 40

1888.

June	16.	Warrant No. 1—M. Wilkins, services as director	$ 10 00
"	16.	" 2—M. Crawford, " "	10 00
"	16.	" 3—Joseph Watt, " "	10 00
"	16.	" 4—W. H. Odell. " "	10 00
"	16.	" 5—Geo. H. Himes, printing annual report	251 20
"	16.	" 6—Geo. H. Himes, for sundry amounts paid out by him	36 00
			$327 20

MEMORANDUM OF BOUND VOLUMES.

Whole number of volumes originally bound	120
Number of copies sold (see Secretary's Report)	15
Number of copies sent J. M. Bacon	10

DONATIONS AS FOLLOWS:

Sent to W. H. Rees	1
" Oregonian	1
" Portland Library	1
" California Pioneer Association	1
" F. Henry, Secretary Washington Territory Pioneer Association	1
" Pacific University Library	1
" Judge Deady, for Mr. Lancaster, in England	1
" The West Shore	1
Number on hand	87
	—120

Respectfully submitted, GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.

Treasurer's Report.

To the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The following is the Report of the Treasurer for the year ending June 15, 1888:

	To Balance on hand		$ 27 97
Mar. 14.	" One book sold		5 00
May 29.	" B. Killen Membership Fees		1 00
June 15.	" Amount Collected		42 00
	" " Received from Secretary		287 50
	" " J. Simmons' Dues		1 00
			$364 17

Cr.

June 15.	By Warrant 1, Wilkins	$ 10 00	
" "	" 2, Crawford	10 00	
" "	" 3, Watts	10 00	
" "	" 4, Odell	10 00	
" "	" 5, Himes, printing bill	251 20	
" "	" 6, Himes, sundries	36 00	
" "	" 7, Bacon	10 00	
	By Amount to balance	26 97	
			364 17
	Balance on hand		$ 26 97

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON,

Treasurer.